Watson's Magazine

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Vol. XIX. JULY, 1914 No. 3

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Published Monthly by JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

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FAWN MIST, THE BELLE OF THE GLACIER-PARK RESERVATION

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Indian Chiefs From the West (Shriners) Visit the Shrine of Osceola, at Charleston, After the Convention in Atlanta

THE following story reached me too late for use in *The Weekly Jeffersonian*, prior to the Shriners' Convention, and I am now using it in the Magazine, partly because of its historic interest and partly because of the Seminole Chief, Osceola, whose tomb the Western Indians visited on their return trip, and about whose brief and heroic career I will add a few pages to Dr. Lanstrom's article.

(Note to the Editor.—A band of Indians will accompany the Helena, Mont., Shriner's on their journey to the Convention of Shriner's of North America, to be held in Atlanta, May 13-20. The Indians will carry their tepees which will be pitched for them to live in on the old "Peach Tree Trail" in Atlanta during their week's stay. I thought you would like to print something about this unique pilgrimage, so I am sending you herewith a story, any part of which is for your free and immediate use, or to be used at your convenience, rather. Algeria Temple is proud of their Red Brothers, and we of course want them to get some notice.)

Dr. Lanstrom, Algeria Temple, Helena, Mont.

GLACIER PARK, STATION, Montana.—A unique pilgrimage started to the Shriners' Convention in Atlanta, Ga., on May 5, when a special train left here bearing a band of Blackfeet Indians from the Glacier National Park Reservation, and the members of Algeria Temple of Shriners' of Helena. The Indians who are from "the Glacier Park Tepee Temple" will be the mascots of the Montana Shriners during their trip to the South. They are selected specimens of the "Original American," and are attired in all of their buckskin, beaded and feathered brilliance. The copper colored aggregation is headed by the famous Blackfoot Chief, Three Bears, 94 years old, survivor of fifteen Indian wars.

The greatest mark of distinction to which the Blackfeet Indians lay claim is that for hundreds of years, ever since they first pitched their homes in that part of the Rocky Mountains, now known as Glacier Park, their tepee tribe has defended this sacred spot of scenic beauty against all other Indians. This section of the country in Northwestern Montana, which Uncle Sam took over as Glacier National Park in 1910 has, since time immemorial, been coveted by all the other Indian nations of the Northwest. First they wanted it because it is the greatest natural game preserve in the country and furnished a never-failing source of food supply. The deer, bear, elk, caribou, mountain sheep and goats were always plentiful there, and besides being a meat supply, the skins of these animals

CHIEF THREE BEARS

gave the Indians raiment and shelter, clothing and tepees being made of them. Hence it was natural that the Sioux kept swooping down upon the Blackfeet from the East in their endeavors to kill off the Blackfeet and take possession of this marvel-land of mountain beauty and plenty. From the North the Chippewas used to move down from Canada and try to wrest the "promised land" from the Blackfeet. The Crows were their enemies from the South and Southeast. The Blackfeet owned, by right of prior occupation, the "top of the continent" (the Continental Divide), but the Nes Perce, Kootenai and Flathead tribes, who were on the Western slope of the Rockies, like the other tribes, were of the imperialistic spirit and many times they too made war expeditions into the Blackfeet country, but always to defeat, the same as the others.

The Blackfeet Indians consequently to this day are proud of the fact that they have "held the fort" against all comers. They now point reverently to the Rocky Mountain heaven peaks and say they are monuments erected by the Great Spirit to the memory of the Blackfeet braves for all time. Interesting Indian legends are attached to each and every peak in the entire rugged range which forms the backbone of the Continent.

Just as they are distinguished for their fighting ability against other tribes of their own race, the Blackfeet will go down in history as the greatest friends the white people of the West ever had among the red men.

The Blackfeet never took up arms against the pale faces.

Two Guns White Calf, also in the party which visited Atlanta, is the orator of the Glacier National Park Indians. He is 45 years of age and his eloquence he inherited from his father who was the noted Indian chief who ceded the Switzerland of America to Uncle Sam as a national park.

In 1855 the Blackfeet signed a ninety-nine year treaty with the United States Government, permitting the white man to enter their domain and trade, hunt and fish. The treaty says that at the end of the ninety-nine years the Blackfeet are to be compensated financially for ceding the rights referred to. White Calf lying in his tepee one night, got to figuring things out and he concluded that there would not be many, if any, Blackfeet left to share this money from the Government. He concluded, at least, that in 1954, when this settlement is due, few of the Indians now on the reservation would benefit, unless this money is secured pretty soon. White Calf went before the Indian council and waxed eloquent. The council saw his point and only two months ago appointed a delegation to go to Kalispell, Montana, and engage legal counsel. The lawyers thought well of the case and the Blackfeet delegation went on to Washington and presented the claim for immediate settlement.

Another noted member of the party was Medicine Owl, the medicine man of the tribe. He is a middle-aged Indian. He is noted for the miracles he has worked for his people through the Great Spirit. He also is renowned for his bravery, which has stood out upon many occasions during the twelve years he served as chief of police of the Blackfeet reservation. His most notable feat in this respect was in 1896 when he and one of his Indian police killed one of our train robbers who took refuge in the mountains. Medicine Owl and his companion trailed the other three bandits three days and three nights, and fought a running battle for sixty miles, finally capturing the robbers after following them across the Continental Divide without having had a bite to eat or a wink of sleep during the chase of seventy-two hours. Medicine Owl says he made "good medicine with the Great Spirit" all

CHIEF TWO GUNS WHITE CALF

through the thrilling pursuit and that although his aide's shirt was shredded by bullets, neither was harmed by the rain of shots.

The princess of the party is Cecile Ground, ten years of age, and is the daughter of Jack Ground, a former Carlisle student. Cecile is quite pretty. She will make more friends in Atlanta than she probably will meet during all the rest of her life back on the reservation.

Chief Three Bears, 94 years of age, is the oldest member of the visiting party. Three Bears is a famous warrior of the Blackfeet tribe, having fought in fifteen Indian wars. He still carries scalps of Sioux Indians, taken back in the 70's and early 80's. The greatest encounter Three Bears relates is of the battle of Cut Bank River, where he and twenty-eight of his braves pocketed 250 invading Sioux Indians up in the mountains and slaughtered 198 of them. The others got away under cover of darkness. Not one of the Blackfeet Indians was touched by a bullet. Three Bears thinks the Great Spirit was always kind to the Blackfeet because they staid in their own country and minded their own business, only going to war when driven to defend their homes.

Another distinguished Indian of the party was Long Time Sleep, one of the richest Indians of the West, having several thousand acres of land, many ponies and a large herd of cattle. He also is the greatest "sign language" talker of the tribe. He is so proficient in this universal language of the American Indian that he can carry on conversation with Indians of any tribe in the United States as well with his "finger and hand" language as if he talked in their own tongue.

Fish Wolf Robe, another notable of the party, is the best grass dancer of his people, and he is regarded as one of the most graceful Indian dancers of other days, all of whom have long since passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds. When he was seventeen Wolf Robe attained such proficiency that one of the famous old dancers accepted from him a pony in return for an eagle feather belt. Wolf Robe donned this and he has been a great dancer ever since. The eagle feather belt has been "good medicine" for him, he thinks, for the Great Spirit has put much grace and action in his limbs ever since he first began to wear it. Wolf Robe is a stoic, just like his father, who had an arm shot off in one of the Indian wars of 1882 and made a whip-handle of the bone which he will treasure highly as long as he lives and have it buried with him when he dies.

Lazy Boy, the second oldest in the party, fifty-two years of age, like Three Bears, is an Indian of the bow and arrow days. Both these men have killed buffalo and bear with the bow and arrow. Lazy Boy fought in several Indian wars, but he never cared to take a scalp, he says—just a natural aversion to this particular kind of achievement. He is a born fighter, but is of that nature quick to forgive and forget. All these Indian braves have families. Notable among the squaws in the party are Mrs.Two Guns White Calf and Mrs. Medicine Owl. Both are fine types of the Blackfeet Indian women.

Aside from ascribing the hardihood and bravery of the Blackfeet to Divine Providence, as these Indians are inclined to do, there is a physical culture story of how the tribe used to make "braves" of its members during their childhood. As soon as the Blackfeet boys and girls were able to walk they were tossed into a near by pool of ice cold glacier water every morning and allowed to swim out. On getting out the children would scamper away to the tepees and wrap themselves in buffalo skins until warm. This cold plunge was calculated to make them strong. It was customary to continue this

MEDICINE OWL

daily cold bath until the child was fifteen years old. The Indian's idea was that this made "braves" of the boys and imparted vigor to the girls, so that they grew up to be strong squaws capable of the hard work about the camp, which lot fell to them. The United States Government put a stop to this ducking practice of the Blackfeet in 1896, so the present generation will see the passing of the "braves."

(End of Dr. Lanstrom's article.)

* * * * * *

After the great Shriner's Convention in Atlanta a number of the Blackfeet Indians paid a visit to the grave of Osceola, and went through some of their tribal ceremonies in memory and in honor of the brilliant young Seminole whose life was lost in the despairing fight for Seminole independence.

That small offshoot of the Creek Confederacy never numbered as many as 1,500 warriors; and they never asked very much of the white man's Government.

But because they *did* ask to be let alone, in the peaceable enjoyment of land which had been guaranteed to them by solemn treaty, they found themselves involved in a war which lasted for twenty-three years; which deeply stained our records with barbarous and perfidious acts of cruelty; and which occupied, first and last, nearly 40,000 U. S. troops.

The greater portion of this atrociously mistreated people were removed to the West, but a remnant of the tribe remained within the Everglades whose recesses white men in force could not penetrate.

Reduced from the status of farmers and cattle raisers, dwelling comfortably in homes of their own, they became wanderers about the scattered islands of the dismal and vast territory which, until a few years ago, was generally considered a worthless, irredeemable waste.

The most vivid personality in the tragic story of the Seminoles is that of Osceola, who seems to have sprung into leadership by a single act of decision and daring. Asked to sign another treaty with the whites and to exchange additional territory for additional promises not meant to be kept, the young chief flashed out his knife, drove it through the paper spread out upon the table, and exclaimed, "That's the way I'll sign it!"

He was basely thrown into a foul dungeon and ironed, because of his refusal to sign; and he soon afterwards killed the white man who committed the outrage.

Thus the war began in 1835, for no better reason than that the whites coveted the lands of the red men, and were determined to seize them.

In December of that year, the Seminoles fought the invaders, "in the open pine woods," near Fort Brooke; and, after a battle of about seven hours, annihilated Major Dade's command. This clear-cut victory of the "savages," goes into the books of the Christians under the name of "Dade's Massacre."

Three days later, Osceola threw himself with only 200 warriors upon a larger number of whites under General Clinch, at a crossing of the Withlacoochee River, and fought it fiercely for more than an hour. Nothing but the rash courage of Osceola lost him the battle, for his reckless exposure of himself caused him to be disabled by wounds after he had crippled the whites by killing fifty seven of their men, at the cost of only eight of his own.

It was immediately after this brilliant skirmish, that Osceola sent to General Clinch his famous message of defiance.

In April 1836, General Clinch abandoned his plantation, near Micanopy, and Osceola had the boldness to take possession of it. In August, Major Pierce assaulted the chief, and a desper-

WOLF-PLUME, JUDGE OF INDIAN COURT

ate fight ensued, which left the Indians in possession.

In November, the Seminoles were defeated near the Great Wahoo Swamp; but three days later, the red men "came back," *on the same ground*, and made such a series of fierce assaults upon General Call's army of 1,800 men, that the whites "finally withdrew."

Thereafter, General Thomas Jesup was put in command of the forces operating against the Seminoles; and he accomplished by deceit and treachery what the whites had been unable to do in fair fighting. Osceola was lured into a parley, *under a flag of truce*, and was captured while off his guard.

Speaking of this disgraceful act of perfidy, Captain John S. Masters (one of the captors) said many years afterwards—

"I shall never forget that day, nor the sad, disappointed face of Chief Osceola. I thought it too unjust for anything."

An Englishman who then lived in Florida and who knew all the facts wrote, "Never was a more disgraceful piece of villainy perpetrated in a civilized land."

The New York *Herald* denounced "the perfidious capture of Osceola, when that chieftain was engaged in an honest parley with General Hernandez—a parley which it is believed would have terminated the war."

Osceola was sent to Fort Moultrie, Sullivan's Island, opposite Charleston, South Carolina.

Confined in the fortress, brooding over the wrongs of his people, the loss of their homes and liberties, and pining for the freedom which treachery had snatched from himself, the red chief's spirit and health broke, and he soon died.

In Charles H. Coe's book, "Red Patriots," it is stated that Osceola was the object of much admiration, sympathy and attention during his brief captivity.

The following quotation from Mr. Coe's book may interest you:

On the evening of the 6th of January, Osceola and other chiefs were induced to attend the Charleston Theater as spectators. The public announcement in the newspapers of the previous day that these distinguished visitors were to appear, caused the building to be crowded to the doors. The play was "Honeymoon," with the admired actress, Miss Cooper, in the role of Juliana. The chiefs divided with her the honors of the occasion. The attractive scene and the bearing of the red men are graphically described in the following verses, entitled, "Osceola at the Charleston Theater," by James B. Ransom, a poet who happened to be sojourning in the city:

"The chandeliers sent forth a dazzling light,
And splendid lamps and paintings shone around;
The scenery was superb and all looked bright,
While not one vacant seat could there be found.
Indeed, a prince of high pretensions might
Have viewed the scene without a single frown,
For beauty, fashion, learning all combined
To form a crowd genteel, polite, refined.

Then Osceola with his warriors came—
A stern, unbending, stoic band they were—
Whose names, in truth, will long be known to fame
For deeds of valor and for love of war.
With earrings, trinkets, necklaces and bands,
Heads decked with feathers, rings upon their hands—
A group so wild, grotesque, and yet so sage,
Have very seldom looked upon the stage.

I marked the heavy thought upon his brow,
Which clung like mist around the mountain top,

LAZY BOY

And watched his listless mien and careless bow,
As though he saw the play but heard it not.
And then his lips would breathe some secret vow
To strike for injuries ne'er to be forgot,
And peril all, though life should be the cost,
To save his native home and country lost.

The lovely glow of Juliana's face,
Her smiles and blushes, and the tears she shed,
Her splendid attitudes and native grace,
Were to his war-lit fancy stale and dead.
Yes, there he sat, subdued but still enraged,
As the fierce tiger, when he's caught and caged
Will lie composed, yet, when you pass him by,
You'll see a demon spirit in his eye.

The softest strains of music fell unheard,
And every sound seemed lost upon his ear,
While songs that spoke of love in every word
Nor made him sigh, nor smile, nor drop a tear;
For his wild thoughts, like some unfettered bird,
Flew swift as lightning to that home so dear,
Where his undaunted heart still longed to go,
To raise the savage yell and fight the treacherous foe."

When George Catlin, the famous Indian portrait-painter, learned of the confinement of the Seminoles in Fort Moultrie, he at once decided to visit them and secure portraits of the most prominent prisoners. Our Government, also, made arrangements with him to paint the likeness of four chiefs, for preservation in the War Department Collection.

Mr. Coe gives the following account of the closing scenes:

Perhaps the chief did not care to live; the faint hope of release which he evidently entertained previous to his illness may have fled; liberty to one of his nature was more than life.

The treatment given by the Indian doctor consisted mainly of poultices, and a wash or liniment, made from roots and herbs, which were freely applied to the throat and chest of the patient. Osceola's two wives were present and were most devoted in their attentions to the patient. One or the other of them was almost constantly trying something for his relief.

Finally, on the morning of the 30th of January, 1838, in the 34th year of his age, surrounded by his wives and children, by his brother chiefs and the officers of the garrison, Osceola, the Rising Sun—he who had been the very life-spirit of the Seminole War for home and country, passed peacefully away, his head resting in the lap of one of his devoted wives.

When Osceola realized that he would not recover and that death was near, he had requested Dr. Weedon to give Mr. Catlin—whom he, in common with nearly all Indians, knew to be his friend—an account of his last moments, which request was complied with as follows:

"About half an hour before he died, he seemed to be sensible that he was dying; and, although he could not speak, he signified by signs that he wished me (Dr. Weedon) to send for the chiefs and for the officers of the post, whom I called in. He made signs to his wives (of whom he had two, and also two fine little children) by his side, to go and bring his full dress which he wore in time of war; which having been brought in, he rose up in his bed, which was on the floor, and put on his shirt, his leggins and his moccasins, girded on his war belt, bullet-pouch and powder-horn, and laid his knife by the side of him on the floor.

He then called for his red paint and looking-glass, which latter was held before him, when he deliberately painted one-half of his face, his neck and his throat with vermillion, a custom practiced when the irrevocable oath of war and destruction is taken. His knife he then placed in its sheath under his belt, and he carefully arranged his turban on his head and his three ostrich plumes that he was in the habit of wearing in it.

"Being thus prepared in full dress, he lay down a few moments to recover strength sufficient, when he rose up as before, and with most benignant and pleasing smiles, extended his hand to me and

SQUAW. GLACIER PARK RESERVATION.

to all of the officers and chiefs that were around him, and shook hands with us all in dead silence, and with his wives and little children.

"He made a signal for them to lower him down upon his bed, which was done, and he then slowly drew from his war-belt his scalping-knife, which he firmly grasped in his right hand, laying it across the other on his breast, and in a moment smiled away his last breath without a struggle or a groan."

Mr. Coe states that, a few days after Osceola's burial, his grave was opened, *and his head cut off!*

He further says, on the authority of the New York *Star*, this ghastly relic of the betrayed hero was exhibited at the Stuyvesant Institute, New York City.

Mr. Coe says—

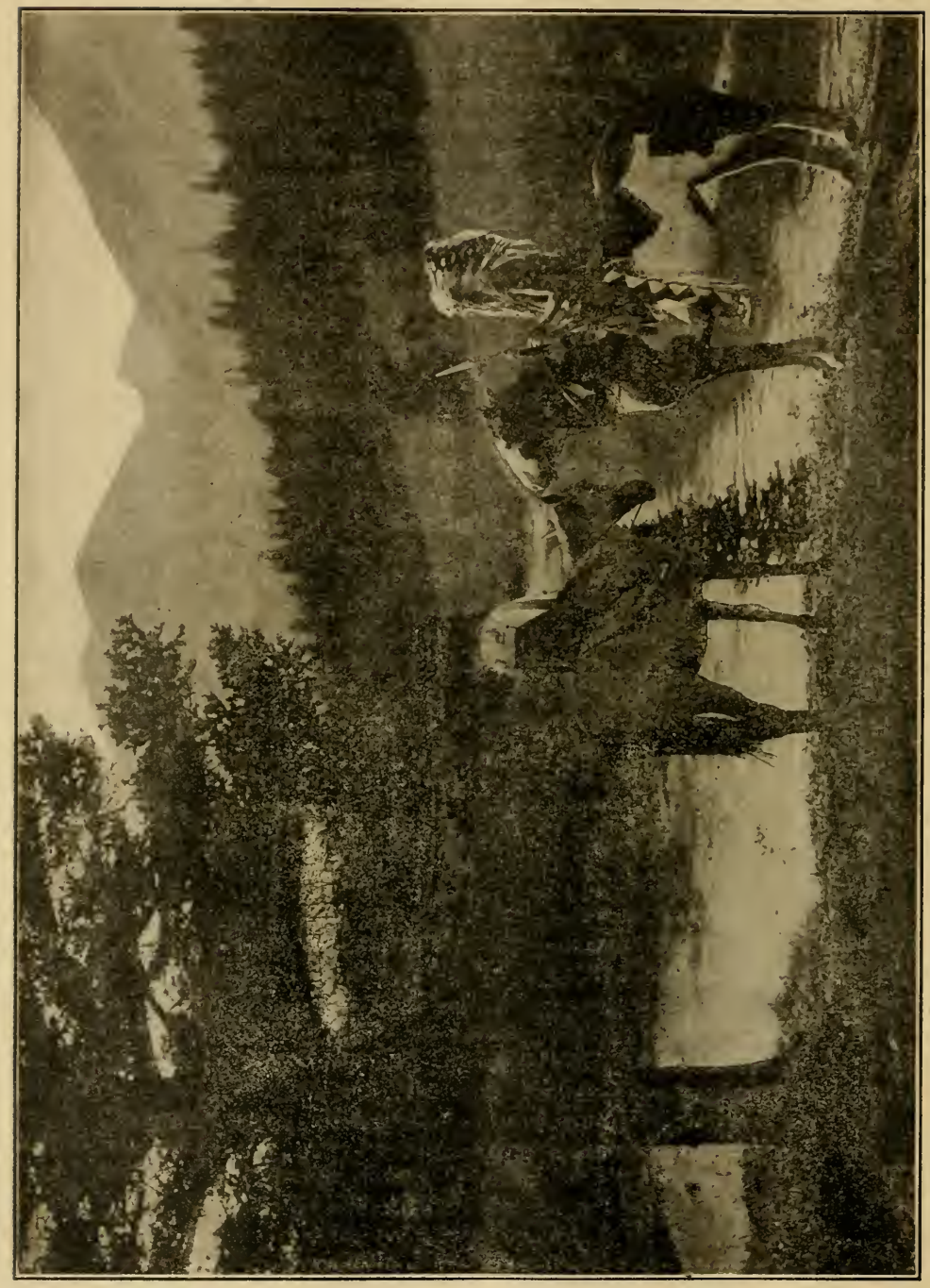
OSCEOLA

The silent watchers in that rude chamber were acquainted with the manly character of the dead chief; they knew the intense love of home he had displayed in its defense; they were aware of his treacherous seizure and cruel treatment. Therefore, when the Great Spirit came and claimed his own from further injustice, there were few dry eyes among those present, even the Indians being uncommonly affected.

After years of effort, the author at last learned that Dr. G. M. Vincent, of Braidentown, Fla., claimed to have the skull of Osceola in his possession. The following was received in reply to a request for a brief history of the relic:

"Braidentown, Fla., March 24th, 1898.
"Mr. Charles H. Coe, Washington, D. C.

"Dear Sir: Yours of the 21st to hand, and in regard to Osceola's skull will say I will dispose of it for one hundred dollars



WARRIORS. GLACIER PARK RESERVATION.

and the history of same that I have certified to before a J. P.

"Respectfully yours,
"G. M. VINCENT."

Mr. Coe makes no comment upon the extraordinary letter of Dr. Vincent—a good example which I will follow.

* * * * * *

The last of the well known chiefs of the Seminoles, was Holatamico, whom the whites called Billy Bowlegs. I remember that Robert Toombs, of Georgia, made a passing allusion to him in perhaps the last speech that the Mirabeau of the South delivered in the U. S. Senate. The reference was to the wording of a treaty which the Government had recently made with the Seminole chief, the treaty under which he agreed to take his people to the West. This was in 1858.

But Mr. Coe in his "Red Patriots" does not state a fact which perhaps is not generally known—that Chief Bowlegs (or Bolek) returned to Florida, and continued to live in his old camping grounds after he was 100 years old.

Our Managing Editor, Mrs. A. L. Lytle says that she saw him, again and again, in Jacksonville, to which city he would come periodically, with members of his tribe. They would pitch tents outside the town, entering it from day to day, to traffic, gratify their curiosity, and idle about in the manner characteristic of the Seminoles of today. Then the tents would be swiftly struck, and the Indians gone, to be seen no more perhaps for a year.

BILLY BOWLEGS

Mrs. Lytle describes the old chief as being a splendid specimen of physical manhood, and a person who was the very embodiment of quiet pride and dignity.

MOVING THE FAMILY POSSESSIONS

In the New York *American*, of May 31, 1914, appears the following description of present conditions among the survivors of the wonderful Seminoles—whose men are rarely cowards, and whose women are never lewd:

Miami, Fla., May 30.—In the fastnesses of the Florida Everglades, the Seminole Indians, now as separate from the white race as when Columbus landed, live in hatred of the white man.

These are the remnants of the one-time mighty nation of Seminoles, who defied the U. S. Government for more than half a century and persistently refused colonization.

While the numerous wars and forced emigrations have reduced their numbers to a few hundred, their mode of living, dispositions and customs are in many respects the same as when the haughty De Soto sailed into Tampa Bay in 1539.

The Seminoles avoid contact with the white race and seldom, if ever, take whites into their confidence, and on account of the almost inaccessible nature of the country in which they live, little is known of their intimate home life. Unlike the Indians of the West, they have persistently refused any assistance from the Government, saying in response to offers for their support, "We only wish to be let alone."

They have no written language, yet are familiar with the traditions of the tribe. The events of the seven years' war are still vivid in their memories, and the little papooses are taught from infancy to avoid any semblance of intimacy with the race who captured and imprisoned for life their matchless warrior chieftain, Osceola, and his brave staff.

The present Florida Indians are the descendants of that invincible tribe who were never completely conquered. In the year 1859 there were said to be only 112 Seminoles left in Florida, but during the long period of peace with the white race their numbers have increased, until there are now between 500 and 600.

Many of the Seminole braves are types of physical excellence.

The Seminoles are kind to their families, devoted to their children, pure in morals and honest among themselves and with the whites. They do most of their trading in Miami and Fort Lauderdale. In these places are certain stores which they make headquarters for all purchases and sale of their furs and other products.

They are suspicious of the motives and designs of white men, and the few who are able to speak and understand English have been taught by their chiefs: "Estahadkee, Kolowagus lexeeojus" (white man no good; lie too much.) And it is very reluctantly that they give information as to the location of their camps, hunting grounds, or home life.

It is believed by many white people that the Seminoles have some secret remedy which is a sure cure for the bite of a rattlesnake.

Year by year the Seminole is crowded further and further back into the Everglades. The Government has dug great canals from Lake Okeechobee to the coast, draining that section, and the Indians have been compelled to move on toward the big cypress swamps. Soon the legends will be all that will be left of this most picturesque of all the tribes of American Indians.

Pottage

Ralph M. Thomson

The chickens scratched about his door,
The lowing cattle grazed afield;
His larder, far from being poor,
Was glutted with the harvest's yield.

He knew not of the pauper's haunt—
God willed that he might claim life's sweet
And, yet, he chose to share with Want
An hovel on a city street!

Joseph Addison, English Classic, Forbidden Fruit to Devotees of Italian Popery

THE modern magazine, a thing of beauty and a joy forever, owes its origin to the cultured and modest son of an English clergyman.

In all of the libraries, you will find "The Spectator," a familiar volume which everybody looks at and nobody reads. Nevertheless, it is universally esteemed as a model of style, of decorous thought and of eminently respectable expression. I read it myself when a boy, just as I explored the dreary wastes of Milton, and the ponderous tomes of Thirlwall's "Greece." My recollection of Joseph Addison, as self-revealed in "The Spectator" is that of a thorough gentleman, a widely informed scholar, a man of refined humor and genial temperament, a lover of an old book, a glass of old wine, and a quiet seat beside an old friend before a cheerful fire of the old open hearth.

The creator of Sir Roger de Coverly was incapable of doing intentional harm to any living creature; and the resigned believer who could ask his wild young step-son to "come and see how a Christian can die," was as brave as Bayard, as gentle as Sidney, as pure as Charles Lamb.

The only person that ever hated Joseph Addison, so far as we know, was that spiteful little papist, Alexander Pope. In the various books on English literature, you will find traces of the surprise felt when Pope drew the malicious and immortal portrait of "Atticus," who "condemns with faint praise and hesitates dislike."

The physically afflicted poet of "Lo, the poor Indian," was gifted with rare capacity for envy, hatred and malice. His vitriol was flung in the face of almost every one that was conspicuous enough to inspire jealousy.

Strange to say, it has never been suggested that Pope especially hated Addison, because of the book of travels which threw some flash-lights on Italian popery, and which the Italian priests at once placed on the list of prohibited books. The volume consists of "Remarks on several Parts of Italy, &c," in the years 1701, 1702, and 1703. My copy was printed in London by Jacob Tonson, in 1705.

By reference to Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" we find that Addison published the work immediately upon his return to England; and we fail to see in Johnson's notice any indication of the reason why the "Remarks" gave such deep and lasting offense to papists. "The most amusing passage," says Dr. Johnson, "is his account of the minute republic of San Marino. . . . His elegance of language, and variegation of prose and verse, however, gains upon the reader; and the book, though for a while neglected, became in time so much the favorite of the public, that before it was reprinted it rose to five times its price."

The volume is now scarce, and is sold for ten dollars. Like so much other literature unfavorable to popery, it has been almost obliterated. No papist is allowed to read it, for no sane man remains a papist, after learning what popery really is. Let us examine the book of Joseph Addison, the devout Christian scholar, and discover, if we can, why the papal autocrats have always hated it so rancorously.

After the formal and flattering Dedication to Lord Sommers, and a commonplace Preface by way of introduction, Addison enters upon his narrative with the statement, "On the Twelfth of December, 1699, I set out from Marseilles to Genoa."

On page 20, the traveller begins to tell of what he saw in Milan, where the monks "about three years ago, pretended to have found out the body of the Saint that gives the name to their Order."

Pretended to have found? Scoffing heretic! they *found;* they always find: death to the disbelieving caitiff who doubts! The body of the Saint was needed by these Monks; and, of course, they were miraculously shown where to find what they needed. The body had not been lost more than a thousand years, anyway; and almost any human body that has been missing for no longer period than 1,000 years can be found, if the monks need it in their business.

Addison quietly adds that the ashes of this Saint "have already, as the Monks told us, begun to justify themselves by Miracles."

The author should have omitted the offensive words, "as the Monks told us." Such language implies doubt. It is a sin to doubt the word of monks when they say that the ashes of a Saint have begun to justify themselves by Miracles.

What better evidence could the ashes produce, to prove that they are the veritable ashes of a Saint?

On page 32, Addison remarks that there is hardly a treasury of relics in Italy that have not a tooth, or a bone of Saint Thomas aBecket. Here again, the traveller gives offense by insinuating that a Saint who had so many teeth and bones left at Canterbury, and other Holy Places in England, could not possibly furnish so many teeth and bones to Italy.

Addison is gravely at fault, for he should have explained the doctrine of miraculous increase, by which any Saint, whatever, can have as many teeth and bones as the papists need in their business.

It is in this manner that so many tons of the True Cross exist, all over the Roman Catholic world.

Addison should have known that it is the prescriptive right of every Saint to have as many bones, teeth, arms and heads, as the priests consider reasonable.

On page 37, Addison speaks of having been shown by the priests "*a tear which they pretend our Savior shed over Lazarus!*"

They assured him it "was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial, *and made a present of it to Mary Magdalene.*"

Addison adds, "The famous Father Mabillon is now engaged in the vindication of this tear."

This tear of our Savior, says Addison, "is in possession of a Benedictine convent which raises a considerable revenue out of the devotion paid to it."

In other words, these papal cheats and swindlers, imposing upon the dense inherited superstition of the people, encouraged them to pay money to this Relic, upon the idea that it possessed great virtue and would work miraculous cures and spiritual blessings.

The scholarly Addison quoted the Latin of the Roman poet, Claudian, to prove that even this idea of a tear imprisoned and preserved in crystal, was borrowed from the pagans.

On page 68, Addison gives a translation of the celebrated Sermon which Saint Anthony preached to the fishes, including the carps, the succors, the bream, the perches, the pikes, the horny-heads, the mud-cats, the barracoutas the sharks, the sword-fish, the minnows and the whales.

The most glorious account of this ever memorable Sermon to the fishes begins this way—

"When the Heretics would not regard his preaching, he (Saint Anthony, you know,) betook himself to the seashore. Here he called the Fish together, in the name of God, that they (the fish) might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, . . . that the

surface of the waters was quite covered, &c.

They (the fish) quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, &c."

Of course, with a Saint to preach to them, even the devil-fish and the shark looked pious.

Then the Saint opened out into a beautiful Sermon, beginning with the words—

"My dearly beloved fish!"

This beginning was most proper, for you will admit that after the fish had gone to so much trouble to attend the services, they were entitled to be spoken fairly.

Hence the beginning of the Sermon with those appropriate words,

"My dearly beloved Fish!"

After a most edifying homily in which the swimmers, big and little, were reminded of all that God had done for them, the Saint exhorted them to give some token of their gratitude. Since they cannot sing, or shout, or talk, the fishes were urged to "make at least a sign of reverence." The Saint suggested that they bow their heads, as the most fitting sign of their appreciation of all the blessings which the Almighty had conferred upon them.

Then the true story continues—

"He had no sooner done speaking, than behold a Miracle! The fish bowed their heads, with all the marks of humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down, with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been said by the best blessed Saint Anthony."

Many heretics, so the legend says, were present, heard the Sermon and saw the miraculous behavior of these devotional fishes. The miracle converted the heretics, of course; and after these lost sheep had been taken into the fold, to the great delight of the fish no doubt, Saint Anthony pronounced the Benediction, and dismissed the fishes back to their innocent pastime of eating one another, as per the law of Nature.

On page 92, Addison describes Venice, and alludes to the idleness and luxury of the nobility, the ignorance and licentiousness of the priests, and the debauchery in the convents.

In speaking of Loretto and other shrines, Addison expresses amazement at seeing so vast an accumulation of riches piled up in the churches, doing no one any good, while there was so much poverty and misery among the people. Every honest traveller in papal lands has noted the same vicious contrast between the clergy, gorged with wealth, and the laity steeped in ignorance and piteous destitution.

The impudent, but most lucrative imposture of the Hut of the Virgin at Loretto, Addison traces to the old Roman fiction concerning "*the Cottage of Romulus, which stood on Mount Capitol.*"

(Virgil alludes to this in Book 8, of hts Epic: see Dryden's translation.)

Describing the condition of the Pope's own subjects in the Papal States, as compared to the general desolation under popery, Addison says, "there is not a more miserable people in Europe than the Pope's subjects. His State is thin of inhabitants and a great part of his soil uncultivated. His subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither manufactures nor traffic to employ them. These ill effects may arise in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the Government, but I think *they are to be chiefly ascribed to the very genius of the Roman Catholic Religion*, which here shows itself in its perfection."

He cites as contributory causes to this general misery under popery, its intolerance; its shutting up so many young men and women in "religious" houses; its encouragement of vagabondage under the name of Pilgrimages; its constantly recurring festivals and holidays, which obstruct business and put

premiums upon laziness; and its heaping up idle treasures in the churches.

The contrast between the Roman Church and the Italian people, drawn by Addison two hundred years ago, was drawn again by Charles Dickens seventy years ago, by Mark Twain, forty years ago, and by practically all travellers who have ever written of Italian conditions. Inside the churches and shrines, a blazing display of wealth: among the clergy the most impudent claims to supernatural powers and to preposterous privileges; among the people, a squalor, ignorance and permitted vice that appalls the beholder.

No wonder that Addison's book was forbidden to Roman Catholic's of England and America: popery can no more endure the full light of truth than the owls and the bats of night can tolerate the blaze of the meridian Sun. There was no probability that Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese and French Catholics would hear of Addison's book, much less read it. The danger to popery was, that *Catholics in England, Scotland, Ireland and America would read it.* If they should read such a work, and weigh the dispassionate evidence of so calm-minded a scholar as the classic Addison, they might realize the nature of the fruit inevitable to such a tree as popery, "in its perfection."

Italy is known to be a land of surpassing natural advantages: it is known to be a country where the man animal is born in his utmost vigor: it is known to have been once the seat of the most powerful and glorious civilization that ever blessed mankind If *the system of popery* had blighted such a land and such a people, what would it do, if at should gain the control of England and America?

That was the question which popery feared might be suggested *to Catholics*, by the reading of Addison's elegant, but terrible delineation of popery. Hence, the threatened anathema of Rome which has prevented English and American Catholics from learning the horrible results that follow, wherever popery rules "in its perfection."

In like manner, the Italian Notes of Charles Dickens were prohibited; and their circulation in the Papal States made a crime. It is peculiarly criminal to tell the truth on popery: to do so involves moral turpitude; and wherever Rome can get her devilish talons on any such truth-teller, she makes him suffer to the full extent of her strength.

All of us know how completely and how cruelly the Spanish marauders—lay and cleric—conquered the simple Mexicans. We are beginning to learn that the Indians never built the gorgeous cities they were said to have existed in Mexico. We are beginning to learn that these cities were strictly "Castles in Spain," built by the pens of Cortez, Bernal Diaz, Gomora and the Spanish priests. We even doubt whether the untutored red men of that strange land had the slightest idea of what was meant by the ruins among which they dwelt—ruins which some other race had left behind, in lasting memorial of a dead civilization.

We now know that the Cross was there, in monumental stone, ages before Cortez came to enslave the people. We know that the footprints of ancient Phœnicia seem to be indelibly impressed upon Central America, as well as upon the mythical "Empire of the Montezumas." The very "sacrificial stone" to which the Spanish chronicler points, in extenuation of his awful crimes against the Aztecs, may never have been used by the Aztecs at all.

We are forced by our independent reason to scout the proposition that the Indians of Mexico originated the intricate and elaborate "calendar stone" which is walled into the great Roman Catholic Cathedral of Mexico City.

But these Indians had a system of their own, and it produced ample stores of "corn and honey." They lived in a comfort that was far and away in advance of the material conditions among the peasantry of Europe, in good old papal days, when the serfs were sold with the estate as a part of the personal property.

The Spanish priests took possession of these Indians, soul and body; and this possession has lasted for centuries. The tree of popery was sunk as deep into the soil of Mexico, as it was in that of Italy and Spain. Was the fruit of that prolific Dead-sea apple-bearer, the same? Necessarily, the same.

Addison's picture of Italy in 1701, would pass for a portrait of Mexico in 1914. John Hay's "Castilian Days" paints the Spain of forty years ago; and that painting would very fairly represent the Mexico of today.

In 1878, Albert Zabriskie Gray published a book under the title, "Mexico as It Is." On page 129, he says—

"A nation, a Church can give no more than it has and is; and thus we have a clue to Mexico's misery.

The Church of Mexico fattened on the land. She became wealthy and overweening—like her great earthly head and centre, the enemy to all progress and enlightenment."

Alluding to the famous humbug "miracle" of the Madonna of Gaudalupe, and the riches gathered into the local church, Mr. Gray continues—

"Everywhere, indeed, within this consecrated interior, is a blaze of gold and silver, gems and marbles, while just outside, at the very door, lies the usual assortment of crouching, crippled beggary; and to crown the whole, in the porch of this most sacred and suggestive shrine you are invited to purchase a lottery ticket."

A companion piece to this description can be found in almost any book of Spanish Travels. Let me quote one, from "Castilian Days," pages 77-78-79:

"The clergy lost no tittle of their power. They went on gayly roasting heretics and devouring the substance of the people. . . .

There were in 1626 nine thousand monasteries for men, besides nunneries.

In the diocese of Seville alone there were 14,000 chaplains. There was a panic in the land. Every one was rushing into Holy Orders. *The Church had all the bread.*

The sad story of the mind of Spain may be written in one word—*everybody believed and nobody inquired.*

The country sank fast into famine and anarchy. The madness of the monks and the folly of the King expelled the Moors in 1609, and the loss of a million of the best mechanics and farmers of Spain struck the nation with a torpor like that of death.

People murdered each other for a loaf of bread. The marine perished for want of sailors.

In the stricken land nothing flourished but the rabble of monks, and the royal authority."

Frigfhtful picture, and true to the very life.

Thus we have the same monotonous note on popery: it is always the same. Whether it is Addison speaking, or Charles Dickens; whether it is John Hay, or Mark Twain; whether it be the 15th century or the 20th, the testimony is cumulative, absolutely identical and crushingly complete.

Popery eats the very heart out of any people that it rules, putrifies any civilization that it dominates, turns backward the hands on the clock of progress, benumbs the stalwart brain, and swathes it in the moldy cerements of pagan superstition.

Why does God permit the continued existence of such a curse to humanity?

Let our finite minds first master the problem of the Devil and his angels, and then we may be able to understand why popes and priests can impose their contemptible but fearfully degrading paganism upon the 20th Century.

"Christian vs. Pagan Civilization. The Truth About the Catholic Church."

(No. 2.)

MR. WINDLE begins the second chapter of his "Second Reply to Thomas E. Watson," under a headline which reads—

"*Ridiculous Fallacies.*"

Then he proceeds—

In my former article I called attention to the fact that Mr. Watson, in his original attack, wrote several chapters in which he tried to establish the "pagan origin of Catholicism." Advertising the pamphlet in his Magazine, he says it "shows the evolution of Roman Catholicism from Paganism." In my reply, I demonstrated the utter fallacy of his argument in support of this contention, by showing that evidence sufficient to prove the Pagan origin of the Catholic Church, would establish the Pagan origin of Christianity, and challenged the Protestant world to prove the contrary. Mr. Watson, realizing that my position was impregnable, frankly admits in his "response" that "in the beginning (at its origin) Roman Catholic faith was Christian." By admitting this truth, Mr. Watson deserts his position as to the "evolution of Roman Catholicism from Paganism," but advances another proposition equally preposterous.

WATSON.—"Hundreds of years had to elapse before Paganism, at an emperor's command, moved bodily into the Roman Church, bringing along, as was inevitable, unchanged pagan hearts, convictions, customs, rites and ceremonies."

The Roman Church, whose, faith, according to Mr. Watson's admission, "in the beginning was Christian," had for centuries waged relentless warfare against Paganism, converting its adherents by millions. Among these converts were such men of eminence as Justin Martyr and Tertullian, whose championship of the new faith won for them immortality. They were compelled to give up their Pagan "convictions, customs, rites and ceremonies," and not only accept the fundamentals of the new religion, but conform their lives to Christian principles. Had Mr. Watson been able to show that after this struggle had continued for centuries, the Roman Church, at the command of a Pagan emperor, surrendered to Paganism, he would have ground for his contention. But the contrary is shown by Mr. Watson's own statement. He admits that Paganism surrendered to the Roman Church, but in defiance of reason, argues that the final result was triumph for the vanquished and defeat for the victor. . After Appomattox, the Southern Confederacy "moved bodily" into the Union, but history forgot to record that event as a triumph for secession.

I quote Mr. Windle in full, so that you may see for yourself how far he is correct. Please refresh your memory by glancing again at the first chapter of this series. Find, if you can, the alleged admission of mine that Mr. Windle's "position was impregnable." Find also, if possible, any evidence to support his assertion that I frankly admitted the impregnability of Windle, and that I deserted one bad position, to occupy another, even more untenable. You will easily convince yourself that when I said the Roman Catholic church "was once Christian," I no more bound myself to the proposition that it remained so, than I would estop myself from proving the guilt of a prostitute by admitting that she was *once* pure. It isn't every woman that dies, when she loses her virtue; and it isn't every man that becomes extinct, when he leaves the paths of rectitude. Just as a republic may gradually evolve Imperialism—*as Rome's did, and ours is doing*—so a church organization, *once* Christian, may, degenerate into a politico-sacerdotal machine which is the deadliest menace to true Christianity and to the liberties of peoples.

Just as every whiskey-soaked wreck of humanity, was once a sober rebuke

to the sot: just as every criminal on earth may once have been a lovely babe at a mother's breast; just as every Leper who cries "Unclean!" up and down the roadway of life, was once a human temple of health, so, *any organization of men*, may become false to its original faith, recreant to its original trust, a stranger to its original purpose. Pride, greed, ambition, special privilege, lust for power and money, the inherent tendency of any society to evolve a central despotism, may transform a democratic Christianity, into a monarchal papacy, in precisely the same manner that a civil State, simple and democratic, may give birth to an elaborate Empire, complex and aristocratic.

Is it true that "Paganism, at an Emperor's command, moved bodily into the Roman Church, bringing with it pagan customs, beliefs, rites and ceremonies?"

I assert, and Windle denies. Does he offer any testimony, to overthrow that which I produced? He does not. He asks you to take his unsupported word. He asks you to believe that because Justin Martyr and Tertullian became sincere converts to Christianity, the pagan multitudes did the same thing. It does not follow. Does Mr. Windle believe that every man who *now* goes to church and professes Christianity, is a real convert?

He dares not say so. No honest man can say so. No truthful preacher will say so. Then, if in our own day, we see people join the church for social, political and commercial reasons, how much more irresistible must have been the human motives *to profess* Christianity, when the all-powerful Emperors commanded, "*Profess, or die!*"

Does not ecclesiastical history tell us that during the fitful spasms of pagan persecutions, *many Christians went over to paganism*, to save property and life?

It surely tells us that very thing. We find it in all the Church histories, papist and Protestant. Then, if Christians changed cars to avoid a collision, how readily may we believe that pagans moved over into the Christian Church when the law of the sword said *they must!*

Let me call your attention to the statements of Father Alessandro Gavazzi, one of the illustrious Italians who preached for liberty and home rule in Italy, at the time that Garibaldi fought for it. Gavazzi was of a noble Catholic family, became a Barnabite monk in his youth, studied widely and deeply the history of the Church and the State, felt it his duty to denounce the Jesuits, suffered persecution and imprisonment at the hands of the intolerant pope, Gregory XVI., remained the unflinching champion of mental, political and Christian freedom, and thus placed his name in the galaxy of *the great and good men who have been Catholics, WITHOUT BEING PAPISTS.*

It seems to be impossible for Mr. C. A. Windle to find room in his head for this very important distinction. One may be a Catholic Christian, without believing that an Italian priest is "Christ veiled in the flesh," infallible, supreme lord of earth, heaven and hell; and clothed with the power from God to kill those human beings who will not join the Catholic church.

Let us hope that Mr. Windle will yet find room in his head for this idea.

Father Gavazzi came over to this country some three years before I was born into it; and he delivered some public lectures and addresses in New York City. But for our Civil War, this visit of the Italian scholar and liberator would have borne a vast harvest for the common good of the country.

Under the auspices of the local clergymen, Doctors Cox, Cheever, Dowling, Kennedy and Patton, Father Gavazzi spoke to large, enthusiastic

crowds, in 1853; and these speeches were afterward published in book form. Like so much other unanswerable anti-popish literature, Gavazzi's "Lectures and Life," is a lost book, save to the vigilant searchers in "Old Book" stores.

On page 76 of the volume, the Italian ex-monk apologized in advance for his "broken English," and began as follows—

"I was for a long time a Papist; but, under the blessing of God, and preaching against the temporal power of the Pope, I was persuaded to abandon and disclaim all temporal and spiritual power of any earthly Pontiff; and resolved that we must have no more Popes' in Italy."

Gavazzi then described how the Pope set his police after him, to shut him up in a dungeon, from which he would have never come alive; and how the American Vice-Consul gave him shelter for three days, fed him, protected him, armed him with *an American passport*, and thus enabled the courageous priest to escape *the fatal claws of popery.*

Then Gavazzi said—

"I am no Protestant * * * I am a Christian! (Great applause)."

"The Roman Catholic Church is not the Popish Church at all. The Roman Catholic Church was established by the Apostle Paul, and not by these Popes."

P. 78. "The Popish religion is the personification of the Monarchical Government. In your country this large Irish immigration is intended to overthrow your American freedom. (Applause.)

Obedience without discussion: slavery without appeal: these are the edicts of Popery. (Applause.")

"*Popery is only ancient Paganism Christianized!*"

"Popery is slavery: the Gospel is liberty."

"The Romans were full of the spirit of God before they had a Pope. . . . That they have very little of either now, we learn from experience and the pages of history. Therefore, our duty to God and to our country is, to effect the total destruction of Popery."

In his very first sentence in his first Lecture, this Catholic Christian of Italy said—

"My subject this evening is, *Romanism and Paganism are the same.*"

To prove his statement, Gavazzi continues on page 123:

"At the time of Constantine, when Christianity was imposed upon the Pagan world, then Paganism introduced itself, into the Church of Christ.

Before this time, the choice of religion was free; but after that time, Constantine made laws, especially one —that nobody should be a soldier in the Imperial army without being a Christian.

Then, *being a Christian*, was an obligation assumed to please the Emperor, to enjoy the right *to obtain power and success in the world.*

Therefore, the great multitude of Pagans flow into the Church, *bringing with them their Pagan customs, their Pagan practices, their Pagan idols.*

We have an example in the Inspired Book, where the beautiful Rachel became the wife of Jacob, and became exiled from Laban, and took with her *the idols of her father, which she introduced into the house of Jacob.*

The same thing took place in the time of Constantine. The greatest part of the Pagans became Christians, but having no very strong persuasions of the truth of the new creed, *and not having free choice*, they became Christian, many of them, *only in appearance*, while at heart they remained Pagans, in secret worshipping their idols and their gods.

"I suppose that the Church at this time *thought to fit the old fashion of Paganism into the garb of Christianity;* but it was not able to eradicate such peculiar and deep-rooted idol-

atries; and I suppose that finally, *the Church itself remained no more the pure Church of Christ.*"

Then Gavazzi suggests that the Christian priesthood having seen how profitable Pagan rites, ceremonies, &c., had been to the Pagan priests, were actuated by avarice to gradually adopt

ROMAN CATHOLIC IDOL. SURVIVAL OF VENUS AND CUPID. MADE, ADVERTISED, SOLD, AND ADORED BY CATHOLICS.

the elaborate organization of Paganism.

Gavazzi takes up, one by one, all the Pagan features and characteristics which came into the Roman Church, along with the growth of the central despotism of the bishops of Rome. By the time the Christian bishop had become a Pope, the outward form and inner spirit of popery, *was Paganism.*

It is courteous to assume that Mr. Windle has made himself familiar with the "Early Church History" of Edward Backhouse, one of the masterly studies of the primitive Christianity. (Published in London, England, in 1890. 3rd edition 1892.)

In his 16th chapter, the author describes how prayers for the dead, invocation of the Saints, worship of relics, and fasts and festivals, were brought into the Church of Rome. The author says—

"The bishops, who ought to have known better, too easily lent themselves to the cravings after their old indulgences *which animated the Pagan proselytes.* Gregory of Nyssa, in his "Life of Gregory Thaumaturgus," writes—

"When Gregory saw how *the ignorant and simple multitude clung to idolatry*, on account of the sensuous delights it afforded, he allowed them, &c."

Augustine, the immaculate Saint Augustine, says—

"When the time of peace came, the crowd of heathen who were anxious to embrace Christianity were deterred by *this*, that whereas they had been accustomed to pass the holidays in drunkenness and feasting before their idols, they could not easily consent to forego these most pernicious but ancient pleasures.

It seemed good, then, to our predecessors *to concede this infirmity*, and for these festivals which were relinquished to substitute others in honor of the holy martyrs, *which might be observed with similar indulgences*, though not with the same impiety."

(Page 281. Early Church History.)

In other words, if the pagans-at-heart would call the old Roman "Saturualia" by the name of "Christmas," they were at liberty to do all the devilment at that anniversary that they had always been accustomed to do.

If the prostitute would only accept an image of the Madonna for that of Venus, and would give the pope the same share in her shameful earnings that had been paid to pagan pontiffs by pagan whores, she could be "absolved" as a Christian, instead of being damned as an impenitent bawd.

Does Mr. Windle demand any higher authority than St. Augustine? Does he not know that paganism imposed upon the Roman church the name of *every month in the year, and every day of the week?*

Does he not know that every piece of the clerical haberdashery of nuns, priests, and popes, was copied from Jewish, Egyptian, Buddhistic and Phallic worship?

Does he not know that the deadly wrath of the ignorant Romanists was sworn against me, when I demonstrated in the 10th chapter of "The Roman Hierarchy" that one of the peculiar vestments worn by nuns and priests is found on tomb wall-paintings in Egypt, 5,000 years old, and that the vestment aforesaid is emblamatic of sexual intercourse—the divine principle of Phallicism?

Not only the Geographic Magazine (September number 1913) reproduced that suggestive emblem, but the Hearst Sunday American, in March 1914, did the same thing, nearly two years after I had raised such a storm by it.

What made the Romanists so intensely wroth was, that I called their attention to a fact which they could neither deny nor admit: when a priest puts his head through the mystic Phallic loop, his head symbolically represents the male organ of generation.

I myself think that the average beef eating, wine drinking priest can most appropriately place his head through that Phallic loop; but it certainly enraged them marvelously, when I proved that they themselves do not know the origin, or the meaning, of the garb they wear.

Did Mr. Windle ever see a carpenter, on finishing a barn, saw out the rude figure of *a rooster*, and nail it to the top of the building?

Did it ever occur to him why the simile of a bird should be left on the gable-end?

In the ancient pagan days, it was the superstitious belief that Jupiter hurled the bolts of lightning, and that he would *not* strike his own emblematic bird, the Eagle! Therefore, the untutored pagan placed the rough figure of the King of the Air, on the house-top, to shield it from the lightning.

Paganism passed away, but the superstition did not; and the rooster on the barn is but the lineal descendant of the Eagle on the roof.

It is quite possible that Mr. Windle may read of this, without seeing the application. If he does see it, I would be glad to have him explain, as modestly as the truth permits, what the horseshoe sign of good luck typifies—and from what source we got that pleasant little survival of very remote Paganism.

Having already in my book on "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy," proven the identity of popish customs, rites, beliefs, &c., with ancient Paganism, I will not now repeat the demonstration. I merely refer to the book, to the authorities there cited and to the evidences therein presented.

I beg to refer the reader to the April number, 1914, of "The National Geographic Magazine," where he will find a most unexpected corroboration of what I have been saying, in regard to *the borrowed plumage* of the Roman Catholic Church.

"Some Journeys in Bhutan" records

the personal experience of John Claude White in a remote Buddhist country, which few white men have ever penetrated. Mr. White was the British "Political officer-in-charge of Sikkim, Bhutan," and certain portions of Tibet.

Describing the temples and the

ANOTHER MODERN IDOL. JOSEPH THE JACK-LEG CARPENTER, WITH CHRIST IN HIS ARMS.

worship of the present time, Mr. White says—

"To my readers who wish to study the subject of Buddhist religion in this part of the world, I cannot give better advice than to read Waddell's "Lamaism." as I have no intention of entering deeply into it, and will content myself by saying that in both Sikkim and Bhutan the religion is an offshoot of Buddhism, and was introduced into these countries from Tibet by lamas from different monasteries who traveled South and converted the people. Most of the tenets of Buddha have been set aside, and those retained are lost in a mass of ritual: so nothing remains of the original religion but the name.

The form of worship has a curious resemblance in many particulars to that of the Catholic church. On any of their high holy days the intoning of the chief lama conducting the service, the responses chanted by the choir, sometimes voices alone, sometimes to the accompaniment of instruments, *where the deep note of the large trumpet strangely resembles the roll of an organ, the ringing of bells, burning of incense, the prostrations before the altar, the telling of beads and burning of candles, the processions of priests in porgeous vestments, and even the magnificent altars surmounted by images and decorated with gold and silver vessels, with lamps burning before them, even the side chapels with the smaller shrines, where lights burn day and night, add to the feeling that one is present at some high festival in a Catholic place of worship.*

I have been present at the services on feast days in the temples in Sikkim, Bhutan, and in Lhasa, and no great stretch of imagination was required *to imagine myself in a Catholic cathedral in France or Spain, especially the latter.* There is also some resemblance in the dress and vestments of the priests and lamas and even in some of their customs. Many of them *go entirely into seclusion*, and they also have certain periods of time devoted to prayer *corresponding to a retreat*, during which they see no one.

THE LAMAS ARE DISLIKED AND FEARED.

As a class the lamas are disliked, but also feared by the people, on account of the belief that the lamas have the power to do them harm.

As a rule, the lamas are ignorant, idle, and useless, living at the expense of the country, which they are surely dragging down.

As the lamas in Bhutan are fed, clothed, and housed at State expense, and as their numbers have steadily increased, they have become a very heavy burden which cannot long be borne and an evil which I hope may soon be curtailed by the method proposed by Sir Ugyen Wangchuk, namely, the gradual reduction by leaving vacancies, occurring through death and other causes, unfilled and the limitation of the number admitted to each monastery.

There are, of course, exceptions to every rule, and I have met several lamas, notably the Phodong lama of Sikkim, and others like him, men who were thoroughly capable, who acted up to their principles and whom I thoroughly respected; but, I am sorry to say, such men were few and far between. *The majority generally lead a worldly life and only enter the priesthood as a lucrative profession and one which entails no trouble to themselves.*"

Now, what will the agile Windle make of all *that?*

Buddhism is older than Christianity, by several centuries; and the Dalai Llama was a Pope, when the bishops at Rome were nothing but local shepherds chosen by the free voice of the flock.

Did the younger system of Popery, filch from the older; or did the Buddhist lamas prophetically see the advent of Catholic priests, and copy them, *several hundreds of years in advance?*

This question can be safely left to your common sense.

Mr. Windle's reference to Appomattox, is not particularly apt, or conclusive.

When the Hartford Secession Convention of 1814 adjourned, the separatist principle appeared to be dead, but it wasn't.

ANOTHER IDOL MADE AND SOLD AND ADORED BY ROMAN CATHOLICS. IT SHOWS THE "SACRED HEART" OF JESUS.

While the Southern States failed in their efforts to resume their independent positions, outside of *the third* Federal Union, we cannot fortell what day New England might again think

it to her interest to quit us—and might quit.

Hungary seemed very much crushed by Austria in 1848; but she does not look that way, now.

The Netherlands divided on religion, the Catholics setting up Belgium; and the Protestants, Holland. The same principle might separate North and South.

Norway and Sweden used to live together; but they now dwell apart, to the satisfaction of both.

The Norman French seemed to conquer English land, English people and the English language; but in the long run, the English absorbed and obliterated the French.

Roman arms put an end to the independent existence of Greece; and then the art, science and literature of the Greeks conquered the Roman Empire, as Mr. Windle assuredly knows.

Great Britain, Canada and India sent 400,000 troops to beat down the Boer Republic, and the heavier batalions seemed to win; but it transpired later that the Boers were the ultimate victors.

In our national politics, the Republican Party was invaded and dominated by the principles which were detested by its founders; and of the Democratic Party the same thing can be said, with equal truth.

The form is nothing: the spirit is everything. England, in form, is still a monarchy; but the democrats are ruling it, and driving it toward State Socialism. On the contrary, our Republic still retains the democratic forms; but the President is more powerful than the German Emperor.

The New York *Tribune* still wears the name that Horace Greeley made famous; but the old man died of a broken heart when the plutocratic prig, Whitelaw Reid, gained the upper hand, and refused to publish a Greely editorial in Greeley's great paper.

Grasping a little more boldly the Appomattox illustration of Mr. Windle, I will say, that the real principle for which the Southern Confederacy fought has been vindicated, and permanently established. We claimed the right to manage our household affairs in our own way; and we are doing it. Not only did the attempt of *the extremists* of the North to rule us with black votes, utterly fail, but enlightened statesmen all over the Union concede that the attempt was a ghastly mistake that ought never to have been made.

Finally, allow me to remind Mr. Windle that, whether the spirit entering the body be good or evil, it is the spirit that controls the body; not the body, the spirit.

Mr. Windle might demonstrate this himself, by inhaling too much laughing gas, or by imbibing too much red liquor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What An Ex-Priest Said of the Celibates: How the Confessional Is Used by the Priests to Ruin Women. The Murder of Babes

WILLIAM HOGAN was born in Ireland, and was educated for the priesthood at Maynooth College. Coming to America to follow his calling, he was so shocked by what he learned, in the Confessional and otherwise, that he abandoned popery in utter disgust.

When he landed on our shores, he brought with him letters of introduction to Governor DeWitt Clinton of New York. So favorably was he received that he was elected Chaplain of the New York legislature, unanimously. Therefore, he was not a man with a grievance. Every selfish instinct warned him to remain in the service of popery. It was his native honesty and his horror of imposture that caused him to rebel. Afterwards, he published books which reached an immense circulation prior to the Civil War, but which were forgotten in that shock of armies. They are now seldom seen in the catalogues of Old Book stores.

To that splendid gentleman, Dr. John N. Taylor, of Crawfordville, Indiana, I was indebted for a copy of the edition of 1856. The volume contains Hogan's book on "Popery," and also his "Auricular Confession and Popish Nunneries."

On page 247, Ex-priest William Hogan says, in reference to the popish school-teachers, so numerous now in our Protestant schools—

"These ladies, when properly disciplined by the Jesuits and priests, become the best teachers. But before they are allowed to teach, there is no art, no craft, no species of cunning, no refinement in private personal indulgences, or no modes or means of seduction, in which they are not thoroughly initiated.

I may say with safety, and from my own personal knowledge through the Confessional, that *there is scarcely one of them who has not been herself DEBAUCHED BY HER OWN CONFESSOR.*

The reader will understand that every nun has a confessor; and here I will add, for the truth must be told at once, that *every confessor has a concubine, and there are very few of them who have not several.*"

Remember that this fearful charge against celibacy was made in 1856, in the edition of Hogan's work which was the 76th thousand. Therefore, the ex-priest who had brought the best letters of introduction from Europe, and who had been unanimously elected chaplain of the New York legislature, had hurled this hideous indictment at popery and its priest 76,000 times.

What answer was made to him? *None!*

They furiously abused him, but did not dare to either prosecute or reply. He had been a priest, and he knew too much.

Popery has never dared to prosecute an ex-priest, or an ex-nun, where there was any chance to lift the veil that conceals the rottenness of life inside the convents, and the monasteries.

After quoting Michelet and Courier and Llorente on the inevitable lasciviousness and depravity necessarily resulting from denying the priests the right to marry, William Hogan proceeds—

"Shall the cowl shelter the adulterous monk in this land of freedom? Are the sons of freemen to countenance,

nay, asked to build impassable walls around a licentious, lecherous, profligate horde of foreign priests and monks, who choose to come among us, and erect little *fortifications*, which they call nunneries for their protection?

"Shall they own, by law and charter, places where *to bury*, hidden from the public eye, *the victims of their lust, AND THE MURDERED OFFSPRING OF THEIR CONCUPISCENCE?*"

Speaking of Albany, New York, Rev. Hogan, on page 268, of "Nunneries," says—

"As soon as I got settled in Albany, I had of course to attend to the duty of Auricular Confession; and, in less than two months found that those three priests, during the time they were there, were the fathers of between 60 and 100 children, besides having debauched many who had left the place previous to their confinement.

Many of these children were by married women, whose husbands and brothers, and relatives were ready, if necessary, to wade knee-deep in blood for the *holy immaculate infallible church of Rome*."

And why were these American Catholics willing to wade in blood for popery? Because they did not know the truth about it.

The same reason holds good today; and that's the reason the priests are frantically trying to violate our Constitutional right of free speech and free press.

Above all things, the priests dread the day when American fathers, husbands, sons and brothers find out *what it is*, that these devilish priests claim they have a right *to say, and to do*, in their secret intercourse with Catholic wives, sisters and daughters.

The priests will murder any man, if they can, to prevent HIM from uncovering THEM.

On page 283, Hogan continues—

"Priests, nuns, and confessors are the same now that they were then—15th century—all over the world.

Many of you have visited Paris, and do you not see there a lying-in Hospital attached to every nunnery in the city? The same is to be seen in Madrid, and the principal cities of Spain.

I have seen them myself in Mexico, and in the city of Dublin, Ireland.

What is the object of these hospitals? *It is chiefly to provide for the illicit offspring of priests and nuns, and such other unmarried females as the priests can seduce through the confessional.*

But, it will be said, there are no lying-in hospitals attached to the nunneries in this country. True, there are not; but I know from my own experience, *through the confessional*, that it would be well, if there were.

There would be fewer abortions; there would be fewer infants strangled and murdered.

It is not generally known to Americans that the crime of procuring abortion, is a common, everyday crime in popish nunneries.

It is not known to Americans, that strangling and putting to death infants, is common in nunneries throughout this country.

It is done systematically and methodically, ACCORDING TO POPISH INSTRUCTIONS.

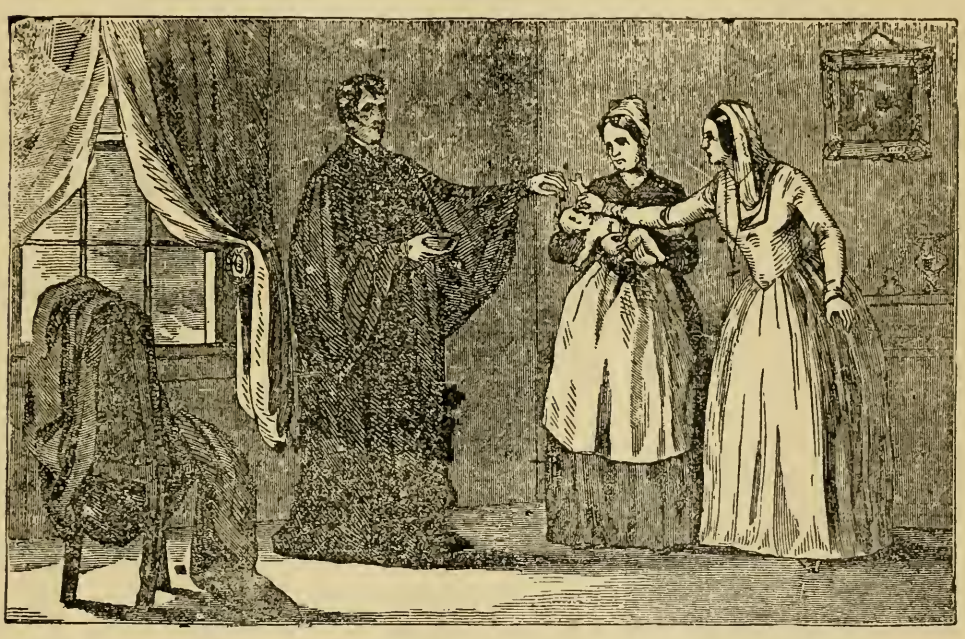
The modus operandi is this"—and then the ex-priest describes how the priest, the father of the child, baptises it, and thus insures its passage to Heaven, as per popish belief; and how the abbess, or Mother Superior then shuts off the breath of the babe, at the nose: after which the poor little body is thrown into the lime-pit to be consumed.

Father Hogan also describes how the priests and monks give desired children to wives whose husbands are not productive. The woman is easily led to believe that God's will is enlisted in

her behalf, and that He has commissioned the priest to accomplish what the husband failed at: *result*, happy wife, bouncing babe, rapturous husband, chuckling priest.

Father Hogan *tells it all;* and the rancorous papists never dared to hale him into court!

"But to return to the causes which induced me to leave the Romish church. The young lady of whom I have spoken in a previous page, was sent to school, as I have stated, to a Popish nunnery. She was a Protestant when she entered; so are many young ladies in this country when they enter similar schools. The nuns immediately set about her *conversion.* The process by which such things are done is sometimes slow, but always sure. It is often tedious, but never fails; though the knowledge European Protestants have of such institutions, renders the process of conversion more tedious than in this land of freedom and Popish humbuggery. The work of her conversion proceeded with the usual success, until she finally joined the Romish church. The next step, in such cases, is to choose a *confessor.* This is done for the young convert by the mother abbess of the nuns; and now commences the ruin of the soul and the body of the hitherto guileless, guiltless scholar, and convert from Protestant *heresy.* She goes to confession; and recollect, American reader, that what I here state is



THE PRIEST-FATHER BAPTIZES THE BABE. AND THE SUPERIOR OF THE CONVENT PRESSES ITS NOSTRILS TOGETHER TO KILL IT

"*Mutata fabula de te ipso narratur.*" Every word of what I am about to state is applicable to you. This confession is, literally speaking, nothing but a systematic preparation for her ruin. It is said that there is, among the creeping things of this earth, a certain noxious and destructive animal, called Anaconda. It is recorded of this animal, foul, filthy and ugly as he is, that when he is hungry, and seizes upon an object which he desires to destroy and subsequently devour, he takes it with

him carefully to his den, or place of retreat. There, at his ease, unseen and alone with his prey, he is said to cover it over with slime, and then and there swallow it. I now declare, most solemnly and sincerely, that after living twenty-five years in full communion with the Roman Catholic church, and officiating as a Romish priest, hearing confessions, and confessing myself, I know not another reptile in all animal nature so filthy, so much to be shunned, and loathed, and dreaded by females, both married and single, as a Roman Catholic priest, or bishop, who practises the degrading and demoralizing office of *auricular confession.*

Let me give American Protestant mothers just a twilight glance at the questions which a Romish priest puts to those females, who go to confess to him, and they will bear in mind, that there is no poetry in what I say. It contains no undulations of a roving fancy; there is nothing dreaming, nothing imaginative about it; it is only a part of a drama in which I have acted myself. I may truly say of all that occurs in Popish confession, "*Quorum magna pars fui.*"

The following is as fair a sketch as I can, with due regard to *decency*, give of the questions which a Romish priest puts to a young female, who goes to confession to him. It is, however, but a very brief synopsis. But first let the reader figure to himself, or herself, a young lady, between the age of from twelve to twenty, on her knees, with her lips nearly close pressed to the cheeks of the priest, who, in all probability, is not over twenty-five or thirty years old—for here it is worthy of remark, that these young priests are extremely zealous in the discharge of their sacerdotal duties, especially in hearing confessions, which all Roman Catholics are bound to make under pain of eternal damnation. When priest and penitent are placed in the above attitude, let us suppose the following conversation taking place between them, and unless my readers are more dull of apprehension than I am willing to believe, they will have some idea of the *beauties of Popery.*

Confessor. What sins have you committed?

Penitent. I don't know any, sir.

Con. Are you sure you did nothing wrong? Examine yourself well.

Pen. Yes: I do recollect that I did wrong, I made faces at school at Lucy A.

Con. Nothing else?

Pen. Yes; I told mother that I hated Lucy A. and that she was an ugly thing.

Con. (Scarcely able to suppress a smile in finding the girl perfectly innocent.) Have you had any immodest thoughts?

Pen. What is that, sir?

Con. Have you not been thinking about men?

Pen. Why, yes, sir.

Con. Are you fond of any of them?

Pen. Why, yes; I like cousin A. or R. greatly.

Con. Did you ever like to sleep with him?

Pen. Oh, no.

Con. How long did these thoughts about men continue?

Pen. Not very long.

Con. Had you these thoughts by day, or by night?

Pen. By—

In this strain does this reptile confessor proceed, till his now half-gained prey is filled with ideas and thoughts, to which she has been hitherto a stranger. He tells her that she must come to-morrow again. She accordingly comes, and he gives another twist to the screw, which he has now firmly fixed upon the soul and body of his penitent. Day after day, week after week, and month after month does this hapless girl come to confession, until

this wretch has worked up her passions to a tension almost snapping, and then becomes his easy prey. I cannot as I before stated, detail the whole process by which a Romish confessor

THE PRIESTLY SEDUCER AND HIS INNOCENT VICTIM

debauches his victims in the confessional, but if curiosity, or any other motive creates in the public mind a desire to know all the particulars about it, I refer them to Antoine's Moral Theology, which I have read in the college of Maynooth, or to Den's treatise, "De *Peccatis*," which I have read in the same college, and in the same class with *some* of the *Romish priests now in this country*, hearing confessions perhaps at the moment I write, and debauching their penitents, aye, even in New England, the land of the pilgrims! In those books I have mentioned, they will find the obscene questions which are put by priests and

bishops of the Romish church, to all women, young and old, married or single; and if any married man, or father, or brother, will after the perusal of these questions, allow his wife, his daughter, or his sister, ever again to go to confession, I will only say that his ideas of morality are more vague and loose than those of the heathen or the Turk. Christian he should not be called, who permits these deeds in our midst."

The Most Beautiful City On Earth

A Visit to Petra

James W. Lee

THINK of a petrified rainbow, of a cloud of gorgeous color, four thousand feet high and seven miles in circumference, turned into stone. Think of the deepest reds, the most brilliant purples, all shades of yellow, arranged in alternate bands, shading off into each other; curved and twisted into gorgeous fantasies, all standing up and out in rock, and you have the raw material out of which the City of Petra was cut. Think of this mountain of light, in the form of stone, with its heart pulled out, leaving a space three or four miles in circumference, surrounded by precipitious sides, and you have the ground plan of the strangest city under the sun. Think of an apple with the core cut out and you have a diminutive representation of the mountain in Arabia after some Titan had pitched out its heart, the Edomites used to build Petra.

Not elsewhere in the world were there ever such perfect conditions formed by natural forces for a splendid city, and when you think of this three miles of circular space, surrounded by walls five hundred to four thousand feet high, with but one entrance into it and one from it, you get an idea of what a perfect fortress, what a perfect refuge from the peril of invasion this round pile of beauty became. A gorge two miles long, varying in width from twelve feet at its narrowest point to thirty-five feet at its widest, rising up from four hundred to one thousand feet high, furnishes the entrance to the enclosure where the city was built. Through these gloomy walls, called the Sik, near enough together to almost shut out the blue ribbon of the sky, we pass from the desert into the City of Petra.

It is not strange, when we think of the marvelous possibilities for a city formed by nature here, that man was tempted, from the beginning almost, of his career in Arabia, to use the precipitous cliffs of Petra for the purpose of cutting for himself homes, tombs, theatres, places of worship out of the solid rock. This region comes into history as Mt. Seir, in the days of Abraham. It was the home of the Horites, who emerge at the dawn of human history. Some time after Jacob had fled to Paddan—aram from the anger of his brother, Esau left Isaac, his father, and made his home in Mt. Seir. Mt. Seir is supposed to be Petra. The kings of Edom reigned here at the time the children of Israel were in Egypt. A little more than half a century before the Christian era, the king of Arabia

issued from his palace in Petra, at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot, and entered Jerusalem, uniting with the disaffected Jews, he beseiged Aristobulus, the king in the Temple, and was only driven off by the advance of the Romans. In the time of Paul an Ethnarch under Aretas, the king of Petra, held the City of Damascus.

Petra was once the central point to which the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia and India came laden with all the precious commodities of the East, and from which these commodities were distributed through Egypt, Palestine and Syria and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and even Tyre and Sidon derived many of their precious dyes from Petra. Here met the East and the West to trade and barter. It was also the great place of safety into which the caravans poured after the vicissitudes and dangers of the desert. Its wealth became fabulous. In A. D. 106, the Romans seized the country and made Petra the capitol of this division of Palestine.

According to the Koran, it was here that Moses struck the rock, and the same fountain still flows under his name through the Sik. It is a remarkable tribute to a great man that there is hardly a single tent or house today in all that mountain region, without a Moses among its children or old people. Moses has taken possession of the country.

After the triumph of the Mohammedans in the seventh century, Petra drops out of attention and was absolutely lost sight of until within recent years. Burckhardt was one of the first travelers to visit Petra in modern times. He was there in 1811. Irby was there in 1818. John Stephens was there in 1837, Steven Olin in 1840, Dean Stanley in 1852, Edward L. Wilson in 1882, General Kitchener in 1883, Forder and Hornstein in 1895, Gray Hill in 1896, Brunnow in 1896, Sir Charles Wilson in 1898, Samuel I. Curtis in 1898, George L. Robinson in 1900, and W. B. Palmore in 1903. Almost every traveler to Petra has come back with stories of the iniquity and perfidy of the people of that region.

The historic associations of the place are exceedingly interesting, but travelers who have visited Petra can find no words capable of describing the beautiful natural colors of the sandstone out of which it is built.

"It seems no work of man's creative hand,
By labor wrought as wavering fancy planned;
But from the rock as if by magic grown,
Eternal, silent, beautiful, alone!
Not virgin-white like that old Doric Shrine
Where erst Athena held her rites divine;
Not saintly-grey, like many a minster fane
That crowns the hill and consecrates the plain,
But rosy-red as if the blush of dawn
That first beheld them were not yet withdrawn;
The hues of youth upon a brow of woe,
Which man deemed old two thousand years ago.
Match me such marvel save in Eastern clime,
A rose-red city half as old as Time."

Petra, as seen today, appears to be a great castellated mass of beauty. Whether seen in the gloom of the Sik or in the brilliant sunshine that kindles its craggy, bristling pinnacles into colored flame, the city amazes and surprises everyone.

I have desired, ever since I read of this wonderful city in the midst of the desert, to sometime behold for myself the indescribable beauties of the purples, the yellows, the crimsons and the

many-hued combinations of the wondrous place. I have read of the stony ramparts, with veins of white and blue, red, purple and sometimes scarlet and light orange running through it in rainbow streaks. With the mind's eye I have looked within its chambers, and where there had been no exposure to the action of the elements, had seen the freshness and beauty of the colors in which their waving lines were drawn, giving effects hardly inferior to those of the paintings of Titian and of the great artists of Venice and Florence. I have read of the endless variety bright and living hues, from the deepest crimson to the softest pink, verging also sometimes to orange and yellow, and all these varying shades distinctly marked by waving lines and imparting to the surface of the rock a succession of brilliant and changing tints like the hues of watered silk. I have read of the red, purple, yellow and azure colors, woven into successive layers, or so blended as to form every hue and shade of which they are capable, as brilliant and soft as they ever appear in flowers or in the plumage of birds, or in the sky when illuminated with the most glorious sunset—and so for years I have dreamed of seeing Petra

It has come to be known, within recent years that color and music and perfume are all formed by different wave-lengths. Music is made by the harmonious combination of sound waves pulsating at the rate of sixteen beats to the second on the lower scale and thirty-eight thousand beats to the second on the upper scale. Harmonious color is formed when light waves vibrate at the rate of four hundred trillion times to the second on the lower scale, and seven hundred trillion times to the second on the upper scale. What the artist does who paints a great picture is to arrange the pigments so that when the fingers of light come playing upon the canvas, we have an audible picture, a picture that we cannot hear by the ear, but by that more refined organ of sound called the eye, we can see.

All the colors of the prismatic scale have been lodged by the Author of all beauty, in that petrified rainbow of a mountain out of which Petra was built, and so when the light comes pouring down upon the different pigments of stone, it makes them sing just as do the fingers of Paderewski make the notes of the piano sing when he touches them. The reason, therefore, the City of Petra captures the imagination and calls forth, in all lovers of the beautiful, a desire to see it, is because out there in the Arabian desert the whole city, under the pressure of the quadrillion-fingered light, has been singing since the days of Abraham.

When I read "Travels in Arabia," therefore, I felt rising in my heart, a deep sense of gratitude to the author for permitting me to visit that wonderful city through his book. Without the perils and the expense of an actual visit, I have been able to hear Petra sing through those bright and gorgeous colors, which her stones receive from the sun, and throw back into the sky in the form of the glorious melody of her music. I have been able to wander among the walls of rock, which glow under the power of the sunlight in more flaming colors than Eastern carpets or any other fanciful fabric ever woven by the loom of man. I have seen the sun set in Petra and the glory of the King of Day coming up to make flame like torches of painted fire, the splendor of her castles, her temples, her facades, her theaters and her vast buildings as beautiful and brilliant today as when they were first carved out of the rock. I have seen it glistening with the raindops after the showers. I have seen it before sunrise and in the weird beauty of the after-glow. I have seen it under the noonday sun, and have been able to observe the way in which those ancient sculptors fixed the levels of their

temples, tombs and dwellings so as to make the most artistic use of the beautiful strata in the mountain walls. I have been able to marvel again and again, as I wandered through the never-ending ravines, at how those ancient dwellers consciously practiced a kind of landscape gardening, where instead of the beautiful effects produced by banks of fading flowers, they carved more gorgeously out of the many-hued and easily-wrought solid stone, which rival the hues the flowers are able to throw back into the face of the sun.

If you want to enjoy an hour of adventure, and revel in a wilderness of beauty, from the time you enter the door of the Sik until you come back through it to the edge of the desert, get "Travels in Arabia," and give an evening to it. If you want to see the huge excavation the powers of nature have made out of a mountain, assisted by torrent and earthquake and further helped by the hand of time, and frost, and tempest, in order to prepare the way for the most magnificent abode the children of men have ever used for a dwelling place, get this book. Here, through the ages, towering cliffs, lifted into myraid fantastic forms, have been radiating a splendor and a glorious beauty without any parallel on the earth's surface. One can travel as well by staying at home, if he has imagination, as he can by actually going over the earth's surface, and so through the descriptions here given, I have been able to enter the City of Petra by the winding valley of the Sik, to gaze at its stupendous walls of rock, which close the valley and encircle this ancient habitation, showing how man himself can imitate nature and adorn the winding passes of her circling walls with all the beauty of architecture and art and temple and tomb and column, portico and pediment, and take the wild and savage forms of mountain summits and convert them into places of residence, into theaters and temples and castles, and make them places of enchantment that leave an impression upon the soul that once felt can never be forgotten.

If the cathedral builders of the Middle Ages had found themselves living in Petra instead of France, they could have expressed their genius in far more magnificent fashion than they were able to do in the wondrous piles of beauty standing under the soft French skies at Chartres and at Amiens. The amazing cathedral at Chartres looks as if it were wrapped in the mystery of its own shadow, thick with the haze of rain, soaring up lighter and lighter as it rises in the sky, aspiring like a soul purifying itself with increasing light, as it toils up the ways of the mystic firmament. Its clustered columns spring up like tender sheaves, their groups appearing so light as if they might bend at a breath, yet it is not until they reach a giddy height that these stems, curved over, flying from one side of the cathedral to the other, meet above the void, mingling their sap and blossoming at last like a basket of flowers under the once gilded pendants from the roof.

Now, if those who lifted up into the heavens this splendid structure, had lived in Petra, they might have found stone out of which to carve their human faces, ablaze with light and clothed in robes of fire, and left them to dwell through all time in an environment of glory. A cathedral like that of Chartres built out of the colored stone of Petra, would impress the beholder as a persistent conflagration. The builders there would have found the bugle cry of the red, the limpid confidence of the white, the repeated hallelujahs of the yellow, the virginal glory of the blue, all the quivering twines of untwisted light looking like a raveled rainbow, ready to hand for their cathedral They would have had the amethyst there to mirror humility, the chalcedony

to represent charity, the jasper to stand as an emblem of faith and eternity, the sardonyx representing martyrdom, the sapphire for hope and contemplation, the beryl representing learning and long-suffering—indeed, they would have found a tabled harmony of gems to apply to their patriarchs and apostles, out of the natural material of the rock. And the day will dawn when the human race shall come through the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God to a perfect man, then it may be that the most splendid and beautiful cathedral ever yet raised to the glory of God will be cut out of Petra.

Petra came to desolation because all her beauty was crowded into her magnificent buildings, and not into the souls of her people. Petra never failed outwardly. Her great edifices throw back into the heavens as much gorgeous color today as ever they did. Petra failed inwardly, because she never found men to match the splendor of the mountain out of which the city was carved. She failed because her people had no empires in their purpose, no new eras in their brains. God gave to the inhabitants of Petra the raw material of a wondrous home, and they used it to build a city that has been the marvel of all the ages, but they gloried only in their outward wealth of temple, theater, tomb and residence. They never paved a highway for the human spirit; they never wrought out a kingdom for the ampler destinies of human souls. So now, for more than a thousand years, the owls and the bats and the wild beasts have been accustomed to domesticate themselves in the far-famed palaces of Petra.

Sea-Shells

John Joseph Scott

Ornaments upon the wave-kissed beach—
Linked by thinkers with the rarest things—
Ever does your beauty sweetly teach
Greatness in the humblest underlings;
While billows prance and play upon the sea,
You thrill the streaming throngs upon the lea!

Aimless feet that track the sun-burned strand
Crush you in the grappling arms of earth—
Mischievous tots a-playing on the sand
Are dead to knowledge of your countless worth;
But the attention of them both you call
To Him who watches over great and small.

Lovers watch you dream upon the shore—
Hear the winds hymn madrigals to you—
Above the din of mighty oceans roar
Responsive are the skies of every hue;
And in their smiles they tell the spangled sod
How wonderfully well you serve your God!

Mr. Carroll Writes Me a Letter, and I Reply to It

BLESSED is the editor who is aided in his labors by candid friends. Such friends are the light-houses that warn the mariner. Having become a publisher, after having been a lawyer for more than a quarter of a century, it would be strange indeed if I made no mistakes, and had no candid friends to tell me about them.

Fortunately, it is not only my luck to have such benevolent monitors, but I have one in a most unexpected village, to-wit: *Chicago!*

* * * * * *

And this is the very note he wrote:

1400 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

T. E. Watson,
Editor Watson's Magazine,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I subscribed for your Magazine because I like your literary style. To me it is a treat. It is rather galling however, to find you so much of a "Paranoiac" on the subject of "Catholicism" that one cannot accept your statements without verifications. So much exaggeration, so many assertions which I know to be false, necessarily leads to doubt as to the reliability of your historical information.

The February issue had an article on Cardinal Gibbons' sermon worth printing in booklet form. I know the February issue is exhausted because I tried to get a few copies for friends and was unable to get them.

You should know that that Knights of Columbus oath is a fake, and that Catholic children are not taught that priests can't sin. On the contrary they are taught that priests can sin and sin more grievously than the laity. I know, because I have been fed on the dope.

A man of your literary brilliancy should have a Magazine above the level of a sewer sheet like the "Menace."

Again it should be plain to you that the Roman Catholic church, nor all of the Protestant churches combined with the Catholic, can be any menace to our political institutions. Look over the decennial statistics of the past 40 years and you will see that the proportion of non-church goers to church goers has been always on the increase.

Sixty-five per cent of our people today hardly ever enter a church door, and as common sense is asserting itself more and more, it will soon be that 90 per cent of our people will be non-church goers.

Were horse sense or dog sense applied to religious dogma it would be apparent to all that the story or original sin, is idiotic in the extreme, and that the doctrine of a vicarious atonement is the conception of a savage, and that Christians who accept the latter dogma accept a savage for their deity.

Jesus was conceived and born like every other human being. His birth was illegitimate according to our way of thinking, but that means no reflection on Him nor on His teachings. He was crucified because He was the "soap box" orator of his day, and because He denounced the tyranny, the greed and the hypocrisy of the ruling classes.

Be sane for God's sake on the subject of Catholicism and remember that every denomination persecutes to the extent of its power, and that they considered such persecution a religious duty. Such is the savagery of "creeds." But we are breaking away from them and some day the whole world will see that religion consists in doing unto others as you would be done by.

Yours truly,
J. B. CARROLL.

* * * * * *

If it be true that I am a Paranoiac on popery, the fact is to be deplored. If I have been exaggerating and making accusations that are false, I must try to moderate my tone and weed out the lies.

Mr. Carroll says that my article in reply to the impudently and unscrupulously mendacious sermon of Cardinal Gibbons, deserves to be printed in pamphlet form.

I thought that way myself, and printed it in pamphlet form. Brother

Carroll will be pleased to learn that we are selling large numbers of it, under the name of "*POPERY; its relation to Civil and Religious liberty.*"

In the article which was put out as a pamphlet, in anticipation of Mr. Carroll's advice, I prove the Prince of Baltimore to be one of the most unblushing liars that ever preached a sermon. I am glad indeed to have Mr. Carroll virtually agree with me about *that.*

As a dispenser of Sleeping Powders to unwary Americans—who ought to wake up, but will not—Gibbons has well earned the honors paid him by Signor Sarto, the Italian Papa.

* * * * * *

Mr. Carroll says that I ought to know that the Knights of Columbus oath is a fake. Ought I? That oath is in exact harmony with the Jesuit oath which was so long denied, but which was dragged into court in Paris, France, in the celebrated case of Father Lavalette.

The K. of C. oath is logically the offspring of the Catholic bishop's oath, which was also impudently denied, until it was forced into the light during the reign of Henry VIII. of Great Britain.

When those two foreign-born "American Cardinals," Falconio and Farley, took the oath in Rome, Italy, *to persecute non-Catholics TO THE UTMOST*, and to *EXTIRPATE* heresy, what difference *in principle*, did they make between the spirit and purpose of their oath, and the oath of the traitorous Knights of Columbus?

The mere verbiage of an oath is not the essential thing: the object aimed at, is the gist of the matter. In the admitted oath of the bishop, the cardinal and the Jesuit, the obligation *sworn to* is, the destruction of all who will not join the Catholic church.

Does "the fake" oath of the K. of C. go any farther? Could any oath go farther in treason, moral turptitude, and utter hostility to the spirit of true religion?

* * * * * *

Where have the Knights of Columbus demonstrated that the oath is a fake?

They took a year to frame up a case on a printer and a barber in Philadelphia—both poor men, and ignorant of the diabolical record of popery— and persuaded these two weaklings to plead guilty, upon the understanding that no punishment was to be inflicted.

The K. of C. evidently hired a dummy lawyer for the accused, *for he had not even served Chief Knight Flaherty with a summons to produce in court ALL THE PAPERS OF THAT TREASONOUS ORGANIZATION.*

If the printer and the barber had really employed a lawyer to defend them, a summons *to produce the secret papers* would have been his first step.

* * * * * *

Does Mr. Carroll know that I immediately took up the matter of that K. of C. oath, and challenged the leading traitors of Augusta, Georgia, and of Jacksonville, Florida, to co-operate with me in the forming of an impartial tribunal to pass upon the alleged oath?

Does he know that I offered to put up $1.000, to be forfeited to charity, if the tribunal should find that there was nothing treasonable in the oath?

Does he know that the K. of C. BACKED DOWN, IN THE MOST COWARDLY MANNER?

And did it ever occur to Mr. Carroll that, *if there is nothing to hide* in the oath, the K. of C. would not *SO PERSISTENTLY HIDE IT?*

* * * * * *

The case against the treasonous Knights of Columbus is so overwhelming, that we have made a booklet on that subject, also; are selling it every day; and *the cowardly traitors to the*

American government DO NOT DARE TO TEST THE QUESTION IN THE COURTS.

They were quick to jump on two poor devils who lived in a popish environment, and who were ignorant, and who had no money to fight back.

I have deliberately and defiantly repeated the offence of those two weaklings of Philadelphia; and have been taunting Flaherty and all his treasonous gang to meet me in the open.

They are afraid to do it!

* * * * * *

As to the priests being able to commit sin, Mr. Carroll must discriminate. He and I know that the "Infallible" Sarto has a confessor, and that he can sin as a man, but not as a pope. But how many people can draw that fine distinction? The average citizen is inclined to believe that if Sarto, the man, commits sin and dies in it, the devil will get the pope when he rakes Sarto into the pit.

In like manner, the average Catholic believes that his *priest* cannot sin. The man may, but the priest can't. Yet when the priest asks questions which lead to the fall of a woman at the confessional, and the man begets a child by the woman, we are confronted with a paradox—as well as with a ruined woman and a bastard child.

The priest, in the confessional, was a supernatural character, and could not sin. He was Christ, for the time. That is the orthodox Romanist dogma: the priest in the confessional is Christ's representative, and has the same power as Jesus would have, were He in the priest's place.

The priest, then, in the exercise of his office cannot sin. Isn't that the doctrine? If not, how can he act as Christ, and forgive the sins of penitents?

* * * * * *

The notorious St. Louis crook, Ed. Butler said publicly, "*My priest cannot sin!*" He was quoted in all the papers, and there was never any disclaimer from Butler, or his priest. I quoted the saying in "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy," which we have been publishing several years, and no denial has ever been made. We must assume that the Ed. Butler opinion is the current Romanist view of the priestly office.

When Hans Schmidt seduces a girl, kills her, and is caught up with, they repudiate *him*, say he is crazy—but move all the underground wires to save him from punishment.

I admit *the contradictions* which exist in all this, but the papists do not.

If the average Catholic did not believe that the average priest cannot sin, he would not allow the priest to have private intercourse with his wife, his daughter and his sister, *concerning which he dares not inquire.*

No average Catholic will venture to insist that his wife and daughter tell him what the priest said to *them*, at the confessional.

If Mr. Carroll wants my authorities for this statement, I will accommodate him.

* * * * * *

The point I made, was missed by Mr. Carroll: it is—

That Catholic women, especially those imprisoned in cloistered convents, ARE TAUGHT, that what the priest asks them to let him do, WILL NOT BE A SIN.

This hideous doctrine is set forth at length in the dynamic book which Saint Anthony Comstock o. k'd., before Dr. Justin Fulton published it. The name of the work is, "Why Priests Should Wed." Mr. Carroll can procure a copy from The Truth Seeker, of New York City, or from The Menace, Aurora, Missouri.

* * * * * *

Mr. Carroll thinks that "the Roman Catholic church nor all the Protestant

churches combined with the Catholic can ever be a menace to our political institutions."

I wish it were possible to agree with him. The statistics to which he refers with so much complacency, represent the unorganized masses.

The Romanists represent the organized and disciplined phalanx of the enemy.

Not only is the church of Italy organized on the general lines of other churches, and much more closely than any other, but it is served by priests and nuns who put *The Church* above religion and God.

THE CHURCH, is the supreme master; and the pope is the Holy Father at whose feet servile Americans —*even the manly men of Texas* prostrate themselves, in Oriental slavishness.

No other church compels this mental self-abasement. *before a man!*

No other church has a diplomatic service, a secret cipher, secret courts, secret prisons, and Ambassadors to foreign governments.

Inside the great wheel of the Roman church are secret inner wheels, *that the ordinary Catholic knows nothing about.*

No other church has inner mysteries which are forbidden to the ordinary church members. There are the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Recollets, the Redemptionists, the Capuchins, &c. What does the common Catholic layman know about these wheels within wheels? He knows nothing. *Nor can he learn.*

Then there are the Jesuits: they are not only a secret order to themselves, but inside the society itself there are smaller circles which the common Jesuit never penetrates.

The innermost council which is a sort of cabinet to the Supreme General of the Jesuits, *is unknown to anybody but him*, the ghostly, despotic Czar!

Count Hoensbroech of Prussia, in his book, "Fourteen Years a Jesuit," declares that there was a secret central circle that he could never locate, or understand, but which was vaguely felt by the outer circles as a very terrible actually.

That innermost circle of Jesuits works the Inquisition, and orders men murdered!

There isn't the slightest doubt that this Inquisition holds many a "heretic" captive in their underground dungeons, *right now.*

There is no doubt on my mind that this criminal inner circle of Jesuits condemned Ferrer, Canalejas and Gaynor to death, and caused them to be executed.

When an Italian Mafia, ruled from Italy, takes the name of a religion, and starts out to rule the world, it will no more hesitate at deeds of darkness, than the Black Hand and the Camorrists.

Why should any religion, which aims at nothing more than Christianity, have all these secret societies, have all these murderous oaths, have a secret cipher, have an Inquisition, have instruments of torture and facilities for assassination?

Mr. Carroll should remember that Alexander the Great conquered the teeming millions of Asia with a few disciplined Greeks. The Macedonian did not fight all the Asiatics. He overcame a few, seized the citadels and grasped the machinery of government. Thereupon, Asia submitted.

In like manner, the disciplined legions of Italy are moving against our unorganized American masses; and we are not even led out by any Darius to repel the invader.

While such men as Mr. Carroll cry "No danger!" the Italian phalanx captures our citadels, rules our big cities, throws cords around such Presidents as Cleveland, Taft and Wilson; undermines our public schools; transfers popish populations by Immigration; casts a spell upon our daily press; *converts*

our Lorimers; educates the son of our Bryan; puts a Jesuit spy at the White House; fills the Army and Navy with Romish chaplains, *in violation of law;* adriotly forces the Romanist rites upon the annual Thanksgiving and the commemoration of our dead soldiers and sailors; fills the Civil Service with 85 per cent of Romanists; puts the institutions of the Italian church on the pay-roll of States and of the Federal Government; captures the Supreme Court of the United States; and demands that our constitutional liberty of the Press be so abridged that their "faith" cannot be attacked.

* * * * * *

It may interest Mr. Carroll to know that one of the strongest attacks on popery was made by Anna Ella Carroll, of Maryland, a member of the well-known Catholic family which furnished a "Signer" in the fine old patriot, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

There was also an Archbishop Carroll of the same blood, the first American papist of that rank.

Miss Carroll published her book in 1856, under the name "The Great American Battle;" and it created a profound sensation. The Civil War came on, and obliterated everything else—and the Romanists have destroyed nearly every copy of this anti-papal Carroll book!

The Carroll who alleges that I am unnecessarily alarmed at the encroachments of popery, seems to live in Chicago.

As the Romanist priests, rum-sellers Lorimers, and Quigley voters completely control that city, I am at a loss to understand where he got his belief that we are in no danger of papal domination.

I hope he will write to me again; and indicate any other lies that have crept into my feeble editorial efforts.

A City Elm

Italy Hemperly

A message came this mor'n to me
Above the city's din and smoke,
Of maple flame and budding oak,
And running brooks where lillies blow
When South winds come and whisper low.

And through my boughs a mystic thrill
Of spring-time joy all sudden ran,
As though I heard the pipes of Pan!
And here above the dusty eaves
I weave anew my wondrous leaves.

And those who pause beneath my shade
Shall feel again the olden dreams,
Of fragrant woods and quiet streams;
Where dew and star and greening sod
Breathe out the thoughts that tell of God.

Celibacy Not Warranted By the Bible: A Protest Against the Priest Bachelors

A Protestant

CARDINAL GIBBONS says: "Our Savior and His Apostles, though recognizing matrimony as a holy state, have proclaimed the superior merits of voluntary continency, particularly for those who consecrate their lives to the sacred ministry."

No such statement is found in the Bible. Nowhere does the Savior discuss the fitness or unfitness, the efficiency or inefficiency of a celibate clergy. Nowhere does He intimate that celibacy contributes to efficiency of service, development of character or sanctification of spirit. Nowhere does he affirm that celibacy is a factor in the development of the spiritual man or that it in the least degree contributes to the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ.

"Jesus Christ," says Cardinal Gibbons, "manifestly shows His predilection for virginity, not only by always remaining a virgin, but by selecting a cirgin-mother and a virgin-precursor in the person of St. John the Baptist, and by exhibiting a special affection for John the Evangelist, because as St. Augustine testifies, that Apostle was chosen a virgin and such he always remained."

St. Augustine was not an inspired man, and his utterances constitute no part of the Word of God. The Bible nowhere asserts that the Savior manifested a "special effection" or affection "for John the Evangelist." "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," might be quoted in refutation of your unwarranted assumptions, Cardinal. "Voluntary continency" does not commend us to Christ nor can bodily deformity separate us from the love of Him "in whom we live and move and have our being." The born eunuch can not have by natural birth the least advantage, in a spiritual sense, over the perfectly developed man; nor can he who performs the inhuman act of unsexing himself find a larger field of Christian endeavor, a higher standard of usefulness or a greater measure of success than the minister who, in the plenitude of the gifts God has betstowed upon him, "presses towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Does not Cardinal Gibbons know that the celibacy of the priesthood was not decreed until A. D. 1074, under the ignominious reign of the infamous Hildebrand, known as Gregory VII? Is Cardinal Gibbons ignorant of the history of the incestuous origin of Gregory the Seventh, and the irrefutable proofs of his depraved character and the incontrovertible evidence that he attempted the lives of several sovereigns and poisoned popes? Is it not a matter of history that this most dissolute pope preferred a debauched and adulterous clergy to those living in holy wedlock? Is it not a matter of history that this unscrupulous, insidious, treacherous and inhuman pope, though elevated to the pontifical chair, this pseudo successor of St. Peter, was justly accused of violating the entire Decalogue? Let the pages of history speak. Who is this? It is King Henry of Germany. And this is Henry's wife, and this is their infant son. Where are they going? To see Hildebrand the inexorable pontiff who, with his concubine Matilda, is now at Canossa.

It was here in the supposedly inpregnable castle of Canudium, that this avowed successor of St. Peter found refuge and received the lay lords and German bishops whom he had excommunicated—lords and bishops who with naked feet, and covered with sackcloth, had traveled all the way to Italy to pay homage to an abandoned and dissolute Pope and to implore forgiveness from him whom the French Catholic clergy had denounced as a *heretic*, and whom the bishops and cardinals of Italy branded as an apostate monk, and stigmatized as the greatest criminal that had ever been elevated to the papal throne. It was before this horrid monster who was instrumental in having Godfrey the Hunchback assassinated, and the Duchess Beatrice strangled, that King Henry of Germany was humiliated. Divesting himself of his royal apparel, and clothed in sackcloth, the King of an illustrious people stands, with naked feet, for three days and three nights in extreme winter, and implores the mercy of a heartless Pope who remains unmoved by the tears, the groans, and the enereaties of the hapless vectim of his implacable wrath. Yes, Cardinal, "The Celibacy of the Priesthood" had its ignoble genesis in Hildebrand the most diabolical Pope ever elevated to the Primacy.

The Cardinal continues: "Not only did our Lord thus manifest while on earth a marked predilection for virgins, but he exhibits the same preference for them in heaven; for the hundred and forty-four thousand who are chosen to sing the new Canticle and who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, are all virgins, as St. John testifies."

There is not a single word in the Bible that warrants this unscriptural assertion. The term "virgins" does not in this passage, refer to sex, but to purity of character as St. Paul in II. Cor. 11:2, teaches: "For I am jealous over you with godly jealousy, for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present *you as* a chaste virgin to Christ." To whom is the Apostle Paul speaking? "Paul an Apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, and Timothy *our* brother, unto the church of God which is at Corinth, with all the saints which are in all Achaia." Evidently the desire of the Apostle was to present not only all the members of the church at Corinth "as a chaste virgin to Christ," but the entire body of Christians existing in Achaia, and not only in Achaia, but in all Israel and throughout all Christendom. "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." Again it is written, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Does not Cardinal Gibbons know "There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all?" Has the Cardinal never read, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for we are all one in Christ Jesus?" Paul is not discussing sex, and John in the apocalypse is not speaking of gender. The Savior settles this question once for all: "For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven." But the far-seeing Cardinal finds one hundred and forty-four thousand females in the celestial city. The truth of the whole matter is, the redeemed in heaven are sexless. No, Cardinal, the glorious Gospel of the blessed Son of God is not based upon sex or sexual proclivities. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." St. Paul in Rom. 7:4, says: "Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to

another, even to Him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God." Christ then is the Bridegroom, and the Church, which is composed of men, women and children is the Bride.

On page 388 the Cardinal quotes, "I say to the unmarried, and to the widows it is good for them, if they so continue, even as I." By way of rebuttal let him read I Cor. 7:2. "Nevertheless to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband." The tenets of the Roman Catholic church are at variance with the Word of God, and the practice of her professedly celibate priesthood stamps her as the one great foe to progress, and the uncompromising enemy of the Church of Christ. The fires of Smithfield are still burning in the tender, merciful, and loving heart of the Great Head of the Church of the risen Christ, and the blood of the martyrs of Jesus crying for revenge brands the Papacy as the Babylon of The Revelation "drunken with the blood of the Saints."

On page 389, the Cardinal says: "Although celibacy is not expressly enforced by our Savior, it is however commended so strongly, by Himself and His Apostles, both by word and by example, that the Church felt it her duty to lay it down as a law."

The Savior, in none of His utterances, commends celibacy; nor does He or His Apostles allude to a celibate priesthood. Paul says: "A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife." The phrase, "husband of one wife," does not mean a bishop shall not marry but once, as Cardinal Gibbons assumes, but he shall not lead a polygamous life. The Apostle Paul is not advocating monogamy.

"The context," says the Cardinal, certainly can not mean that a Bishop must be a married man, for the reason already given, that St. Paul himself was never married. The sense of the text, as all tradition testifies, is that no candidate should be elevated to the office of Bishop who had been married more than once."

Cardinal, your method of reasoning is applicable to deacons. "Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well."

Hear what St. Paul says: "A Bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient; not a brawler, not covetous; one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." "Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well." According to your method of interpretation, Cardinal, bitter is sweet, and *vice versa*. You are expert in distorting the meaning of the Scriptures, and summon "tradition" to your aid in order to nullify the Word of God.

The Greek word *gune*, means wife, woman. "For a certain woman whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of Him and came and fell at His feet: the woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation; and she besought Him that He would cast forth the devil out of her daughter." *Gune*, in Mark 12:22, is a term applied to a woman who had been married seven times. "Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other Apostles, and as the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas?" Cardinal, why did you not quote all this verse? Why did you not tell your readers that this verse proves that James and Jude were married men? Why did you not tell your people that Cephas had a wife, and that Cephas is none other than St. Peter, and that his wife accompanied him in his travels, part of the time, at least, if not all the time? Cardinal, you are not dealing fairly, honestly, truthfully? You admit, Cardinal, that Peter led

about a "woman." Evidently that woman was his wife, "and they twain were one flesh." "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." But, Cardinal, you have *divorced* them; arrogating to yourself more than *SUPREME AUTHORITY*, you have invaded the *SANCTUM SANCTORIUM OF HOLY WEDLOCK*, and with impious words, and unhallowed hands, and beastly tread, and Satanic hatred, you have defiled the beautiful temple of *HOLY WEDLOCK* which God instituted in sinless Eden, and which the Immaculate Christ, whom you should worship, honored with His presence and blessing in Cana of Galilee.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

I beg leave to add a fact which may not be generally known.

Eusebius, in his Ecclesiastical History, states that *Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, was a married man!*

Of course every one is aware of the fact that Eusebius is "the Father of Church History," and that he flourished in the time of the Roman Emperor, Constantine the Great. My copy of his work was published in London, in the year 1636.

On page 51, chapter 27, we read—

"Clemens whose words lately we alleged, afterwards reciteth the Apostles which lived in wedlock, *against them which rejected marriage*, saying—

What? do they condemn the Apostles? for Peter and Philip employed their industry to the bringing up of their children. Philip also gave his daughter to marriage.

And Paul in a certain Epistle sticked not *to salute his wife*, which therefore he led not about, that he might be the readier unto ministration."

To what Epistle of Paul does Eusebius allude? We do not know. It has not come down to us. This tantalizing passage in the Father of Church History is one of the many disquieting references to *holy writings which were destroyed.* T. E. W.

Little Stories of the Civil War

Bertie Norrell

AT one of the street crossings of the town of Marietta, Ga., where the trains speed through on their trips North and South, is stationed from early morning until the hour of six P. M., of each day except Sunday, an elderly man.

He bears in his hand a small white flag; and with it he signals the citizens to stop, or to pass on, as circumstances may warrant; for he guards them from the dangers of the moving trains.

If the tracks are clear, the flag is given a graceful wave to give permission to pass on without fear.

If a train is coming, or an engine switching one way or the other one one of the several tracks, down goes the flag with a quick imperative gesture, so full of expression that few will fail to comprehend danger is near.

This flagman, whose name is Griggs, is an old Confederate veteran of the Civil War.

He is rapidly approaching the eightieth anniversary of his birth; but so far is he from appearing to be so aged, when he mentioned the date of his birth—September, 1843—he jumped

up (not very high,) and cracked his heels together.

He was a member of the Fifty-first Georgia Regiment, Company B., G. N. Lester, Captain.

Griggs was with Johnson's army, from Chattanooga to within a few miles of Atlanta, when he was captured.

He assisted in hauling, with ropes, a cannon to the top of Kennesaw Mountain, and was in the famous battle fought there.

The Confederate breastworks were lined up through a part of his farm. He still has his old canteen that saw service with him in those days.

"Yes," said Mr. Griggs, "My Captain was G. N. Lester.

He became a judge after the war, and practiced here a good many years.

He lost an arm while in the service.

I enlisted from Marietta.

We went through some mighty hard fighting between Dalton and Atlanta. But when we were on the hills, the Yankees never did get the best of us. When we were down on the level ground, they outnumbered us; and they would generally flank us from both sides, then we would have to fall back in retreat.

Out there in the Confederate cemetery, are three thousand of us buried—and over there in the National cemetery, more than ten thousand of them.

I came through without a bullet scratch.

Once we were on old Rocky Face—it is a high bluff, and as the name indicates, the face of the bluff was very rocky.

We were high up, and the Yankees were down below us. Some of us began to roll big rocks down over the bluff—we knew they could dodge and get out of the way—it was some of our mischief.

Some of the Yanks yelled out to us: 'Stop that! You Rebs, you ain't fighting according to civilized warfare!'

But we kept on rolling rocks down old Rocky Face.

Those were terrible times. The men were killed off so fast, it was difficult to bury them all properly.

I remember once, seeing twenty piled together in one heap, and covered as best we could in our haste—it was but a poor burial though.

One night, we were marching in the dark, it was so dark we could scarcely see our hands before our faces; we often marched at night to change our position, especially when hard pressed by the enemy. This night, an alarm was given.

It seems that something startled those at the end of the column, and it passed on and grew into a panic—we thought the enemy was in ambush—we did not know what to think—every man had to do his own thinking—there was nothing to guide him except his own imagination and his own fears.

The result was a regular stampede and scramble!

It was all over within a few minutes; and such a shame-faced lot of soldiers you can only imagine—but I doubt your ever having seen such.

No one ever knew how the alarm started, or what was the cause.

When all was over; one of the men was inquiring for what he had lost in the scramble—it was a dressed chicken!

As good luck would have it, a comrade had found it!"

Editorial Notes and Clippings

A LETTER from San Juan, Porto Rico, reads as follows:

I wish to extend my congratulations to you, for the good work which you are carrying on towards reforming the American Nation, and especially for your heroic articles opposing the Roman Catholics—the lying scoundrels, who are causing the ruin of the world and who are a disgrace to civilization.

I have kept my eyes open for sixteen long years and have detected these traitors through boulevards and alleys—through cities and villages, and almost everywhere else. I have witnessed numerous wrongs committed by them, and hereafter I shall join you in bringing about their downfall.

I shall write to you again in a few days, and shall enclose the first of a series of plain-truth stories exposing some known crimes of theirs, which were committed here in the different cities of Porto Rico, in Cuba and the United States, also, in various other parts of the world.

* * * * * *

Do you remember that a priest, whom Gallagher did not know, was requested by the assassin to point out Gaynor, who, also was personally unknown to Gallagher?

The priest indicated which of the gentlemen on the deck of the steamer was the destined victim, and then quietly disappeared. Nobody endeavored to trace the assassin's accomplice. That's what the priest was—the murderer's partner in crime.

The Inquisition was set up in this country when it ceased to be missionary ground for the Italian papacy. This announcement was made at the time, which was several years ago.

Where the Inquisition sits, and what its proceedings are, the inner circle of Jesuits know. Not even the outer circles of this diabolical secret society have any conception of what the General of his Council does.

As to the average Roman Catholic layman, he is no more aware of the hidden purposes, proceedings and crimes of the various oath-bound secret orders of Rome, than you and I are. It is his duty to believe, and not investigate.

That the Inquisition condemned the New York Mayor, I have no more doubt than I have that it tortured Galileo, burnt Bruno, and had Ferrer shot.

The reason why Ferrer and Canalejas were assassinated was, that they were introducing modern reforms in poor old priest-ridden Spain.

The reason why Gaynor was shot was, that he had expressed a determination to put a stop to the Tammany system by which the popish schools loot the public treasury, *in violation of law.*

* * * * * *

The following letter brought the Romanist murder of Gaynor back to mind in a way personal to myself:

Rome, Ga., June 3, 1914.

Dear Sir: I have never had the pleasure of meeting you except through "Watson's Napoleon" and "Story of France," both of which I enjoyed very much.

I am a great believer in dropping a few flowers before one's death rather than after, and that a little more "taffy" as we go along, and a little less "epitaphy" after we are gone, will help us all, so here goes.

The late Mayor Gaynor of New York was walking through his library with a friend, who was admiring the many masterpieces. Finally the friend reached out and took Carlyle's French Revolution in his hand and said, "This the greatest of them all." Mr. Gaynor shook his head and said, "No! Give me Watson's France."

Yours truly,

T. G. BUSH, JR.

* * * * * *

Rev. Dr. James W. Lee, Pastor of the St. John's M. E. Church, St. Louis, was the central figure of the family

group which made the Frontispiece of our June number.

The Doctor is an author, and his publishers are, Fleming H. Revell & Company, of New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Please pay attention:

This firm which publishes Dr. Lee's book, also publishes that of the late Rev. Charles Chiniquy. *They have been doing so ever since* 1880. They have never been prosecuted by the Roman Catholics, nor by the Federal Government.

Chiniquy's book has been going through the mails, daily, for the last 34 years *and more*, for the edition of 1880 is the 43rd.

I bought a copy of the edition of 1880, and it came to me through the mail. In preparing my work on "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy," I cut out *three leaves* from the Chiniquy volume, and used them in the 20th chapter of mine, *as an Appendix*.

Of course, I stated in my book that the quotation was taken from Chiniquy's, giving its name, "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional."

Is it not almost incredible that the Knights of Columbus—a treasonous Mafia—should have started a criminal prosecution against me for quoting from Chiniquy, instead of prosecuting Fleming H. Revell & Company?

During all the years that Chiniquy survived after bringing out his dynamic book, the venomous shaven-heads never dared to have him arrested.

During the 34 years that Fleming H. Revell & Company have been publishing and selling the whole book, the vindictive traitors—The Knights of Columbus—have not dared to try for an injunction, or an indictment.

Fleming H. Revell & Co. could have been prosecuted either in Chicago or New York. *They can be prosecuted, now.* But the crafty and malicious shaven-heads condone the offense of a powerful publishing house of the North, and they come down here to Georgia and seek to degrade and penalize me, because I quoted, in good faith, three leaves of the Chiniquy book.

* * * * * *

In *The Watch-Tower* Magazine of Nashville, Tenn., it is stated that I published an accurate translation of the Latin filth of the Roman Catholic theologians, Rev. Peter Dens and "Saint" Alphonsus Liguori. This is a mistake. I did not publish a translation. All I did was to *reprint* what Chiniquy had quoted from Dens and Liguori—the nasty stuff having been printed by the papists for 100 years, and reprinted by Fleming H. Revelle & Co. for 34 years.

Now when the Romanists can print the vile questions put to Catholic women by the priests; and when Chiniquy can quote it; and Revell & Co. publish it year after year since 1880; and nobody get arrested until I quote and reprint a small part of it, how does the case look to *you?*

Does it resemble an honest effort to protect the mails of the Government and the morals of the people, or does it look like a determination to discriminate against one man, and to use the Government to put him out of business?

That is just what the cowardly and malevolent Knights of Columbus vowed to do, as reported in *The Bulletin* of the American Federation of the Italian pope's foot-kissers!

* * * * * *

The fundamental *law* of the Italian church is in deadly antagonism to the fundamental law of our Republic.

Which of the two will conquer the other?

* * * * * *

Protestants of America spend twenty million dollars a year to convert China, Japan, Korea and India.

The Romanists of Italy spend twenty

million dollars a year to convert America.

What will be the result, in twenty more years?

Protestant efforts to convert the Orient are opposed by the governments, by the native religions, and are not aided by any influx of Protestant immigrants.

Romanist efforts to convert America, are aided by our Government, by the apathy of our churches, and by the influx of popish immigrants.

What will be the result, in another twenty years?

Practically all of the Europeans now pouring into our country are either Jews or Catholics.

And strange to say, the Jews who owe their modern liberty and prosperity to the Protestants, are combining with the Roman church, to which they owe such enormous misfortunes.

* * * * * *

It was right funny about William Lorimer, the Chicago altruist, who was banished from the company of the other rogues of the U. S. Senate, because he was caught with the egg-shells and the jack-pot.

William made a long, sad speech about the honest days when he earned an honest living selling dishonest Chicago newspapers.

But the unexposed rogues of the Senate hardened their hearts and expelled William, to convince man-kind that *they* were virtuous.

There being but one leap from the sublime to the ridiculous, Lorimer, ousted from the Senate, joined the Catholic church.

William announced that he had devoted close and conscientious study to the subject of religion for 15 long, prayerful years; and that his reason had at last succumbed to the Papa and the Papacy.

The Romanist papers were loudly pleased, and they boisterously hailed Lorimer with a gladsome tumult, as who should say, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

And the Doxology was hardly over, before William's banks had all busted, and William's creditors were weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth.

* * * * * *

The failed banks of William Lorimer, who had just become a Catholic after 15 years' of conscientious study, dragged down several other banks. Heartrending scenes among the Lorimer victims followed.

I quote from the press despatches:

Crowd At Failed Bank

The Ashland-Twelfth street bank was surrounded by a mob of angry, excited Jewish depositors, who struggled with the police, fought with each other and made vain attempts to enter the doors, over which hung the impressive sign "Under State supervision."

All night long groups of small depositors crowded the street above the Ashland-Twelfth street bank. Three times the police were forced to use clubs to disperse them and at one time a riot call was sent in when angry men threatened to smash the doors.

Women wearing shawls, with babies in their arms, paced back and forth along the police lines, sobbing and gasping out both prayers and imprecations. One woman threw herself at the door, screaming: "They've got my money in there! I want it!" She was led away, but took up a position on the curb, where she sat rocking and moaning until daybreak.

Preacher In Throng.

The Rev. W. D. Cook, of Quinn Chapel, kept an all-night vigil in front of the bank.

"I'm sick, so sick," he said, with tears coursing down his cheeks. "Tell them I'm sick and need my money and they'll give it to me."

Former Senator William Lorimer, president of the La Salle street bank, and C. B. Munday, vice- president, were inaccessible early today, but it was said they were attending another meeting of the bank directors, who hope to float a loan that will enable them to resume business.

That's the old story. The scoundrels who wreck the banks and rob the poor,

hide out, and publish soothing-syrup statements that are mere lies.

If a few such bank wreckers as Lorimer, and Seigel and Vogal were strung up to lamp-posts by the neck, until they ceased to kick, there would be fewer scoundrels who make a business of robbing the poor under forms of law.

Lorimer's sudden dash into the Catholic church *just before the public knew his banks were rotten*, looks suspiciously like a black-hearted criminal's flight to a city of refuge.

The Papa and the Papacy are welcome to William Lorimer.

* * * * * *

Hon. S. G. McLendon, of Atlanta, reminds me as follows—

In the Congressional Globe, 1st Session, 34th Congress, App. page 969, will be found the following language quoted from the Freemason's Journal, the official organ of Archbishop Hughes:

"Year by year the Irish are becoming more powerful in America. At length the propitious moment will come—some accidental, sudden collision and a presidential campaign close at hand, we will then use the very profligacy of our politicians for our purposes. They will want to buy the Irish vote and we will tell them for how much they can buy it in a lump from Maine to California."

Von Holst quotes these words in Vol. V, page 102.

Was the rivalry between Taft and Roosevelt the sudden collision and the presidential campaign of 1912 the propitious moment?

* * * * * *

There are facts which seem to prove that a treasonous deal was made between the Italian pope, and the leaders of the Democratic Party.

The President places a papal spy between himself and the people who elected him. Tumulty, the Jesuit, decides what letters and visitors shall reach the Chief Magistrate.

The President's wife also employs a papal spy as her private secretary. Therefore Mrs. Wilson sees none but the letters which the pope's spy wishes to be seen.

Mr. Bryan's private secretary is also a papal spy; and Bryan's son is being made into a Jesuit at a papal school.

What does it all mean?

* * * * * *

As an evidence of how the common people are taking notice of the Wilson-Bryan truckling to the Italian priesthood, read the following:

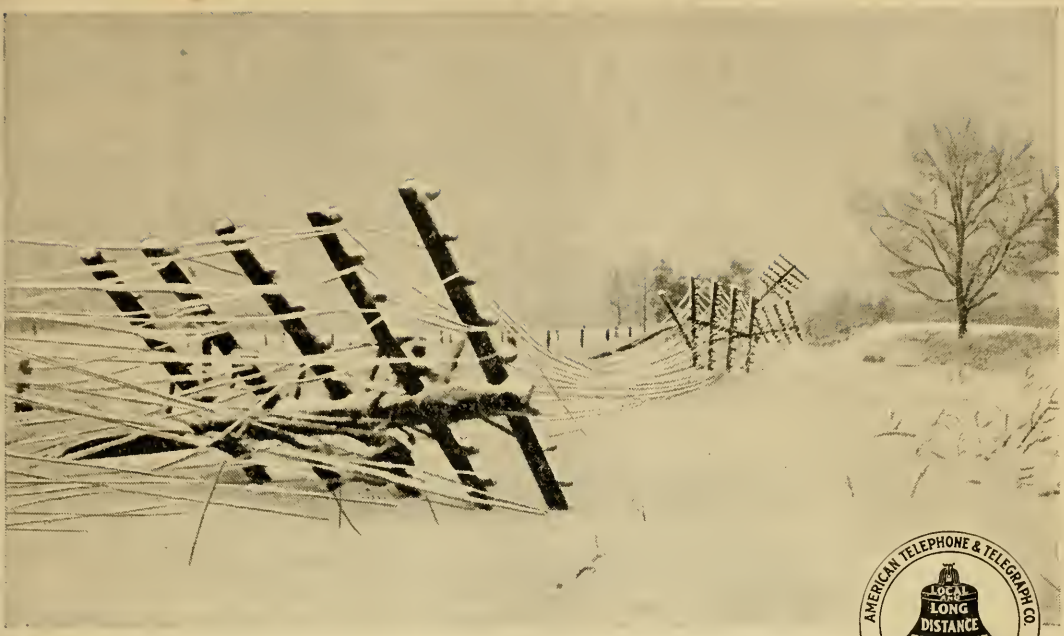
Atlanta, Ga., June 10, 1914.

Dear Mr. Watson: Just a few words to let you know you have a friend here in Atlanta to fight with you to the finish. At first I didn't take the matter seriously about the Roman Catholics, but believe me I am awake now. You are right and have been all the time.

Right here in Atlanta, Georgia, a town of practically 200,000 inhabitants we have only one school that can be called a military school. This is Marist College and Catholic from the word go. Now isn't this a pretty state of affairs? If I want to send my child to a military school he is compelled to go to a Catholic school or else get out of Atlanta. Hundreds of Protestant boys go to this papal hotbed, and come out thinking there is nothing at all wrong with popery.

As to Roman Catholic schools and their location you will have to hand it to them as being slick as greased lightning. In Washington, D. C., 75 per cent of all government employees are Catholics. That's their scheme you know, anything to get at out seat of government and get inside information. And a great many also were handed little jobs by slick politicians. Just in the suburbs of Washington is Georgetown University, one of the largest Catholic colleges in American. Why did they choose such a rare place for their college? And why is St. John Military College, also Catholic, stuck right in the heart of Annapolis, Md., near the U. S. Naval Academy? You see their plans, don't you?

If you want your blood to boil just look at some of the Moving Pictures of the taking of Vera Cruz lately by American troops. Oh yes, when the dead bodies of our troops were brought back to New York for burial they had HIGH MASS for the dead. Never was a Protestant minister seen at all. Nothing but Roman Catholics,



The Telephone Emergency

THE stoutest telephone line cannot stand against such a storm as that which swept the Middle Atlantic coast early in the year. Poles were broken off like wooden toothpicks, and wires were left useless in a tangled skein.

It cost the telephone company over a million dollars to repair that damage, an item to be remembered when we talk about how cheaply telephone service may be given.

More than half of the wire mileage of the Bell System is underground out of the way of storms. The expense of underground conduits and cables is warranted for the important trunk lines with numerous wires and for the lines in the congested districts which serve a large number of people.

But for the suburban and rural lines reaching a scattered population and doing a small business in a large area, it is impracticable to dig trenches, build conduits and lay cables in order that each individual wire may be underground.

More important is the problem of service. Overhead wires are necessary for talking a very long distance. It is impossible to talk more than a limited distance underground, although Bell engineers are making a world's record for underground communication.

Parallel to the underground there must also be overhead wires for the long haul, in order that the Bell System may give service universally between distant parts of the country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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they had the whole thing their way. The papal flag floating right along with the Stars and Stripes. These moving pictures are shown all over the U. S., and anybody can see them. Yes, the Catholics have bought up all the Moving Picture Film Companies. Every time you see a picture where a marriage takes place, it is always a petticoat priest that ties the knot. Now if our children go to see the movies very much, and never see anything but Catholic weddings, doesn't common sense show that they will be under the impression that there is no other religion except the foot-kissing kind?

Well the only thing we can do is to vote for men who are not catering to the Catholic vote. Theodore Roosevelt is an American through and through. He is the only man of recent times that wouldn't bow down to the Pope at Rome and kiss his big toe when he returned from his African hunting trip. And another thing. The Democratic Convention at Baltimore was opened by prayer by Cardinal Gibbons. The Republican Convention at Chicago was opened by a Catholic priest.

Well, you see for yourself. This way of saying I am a Democrat because my dad was, and I was rocked in a Democratic cradle is all tommyrot. Any man that is brought up that way and believes in it, is a mighty poor man, don't you think? If my father was a horse thief, does it make me one? Certainly not. Well the whole thing is we have got to get busy, lay party pride aside and vote for the man who is for American liberties and the uplift of the country, whether he be Democrat, Republican, Bull Moose, Prohibitionist, or what.

Yours to the end,

A PROTESTANT FRIEND.

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